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IN THIS ISSUE, WE GAG UP "THE EXORCIST"

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POSTERS

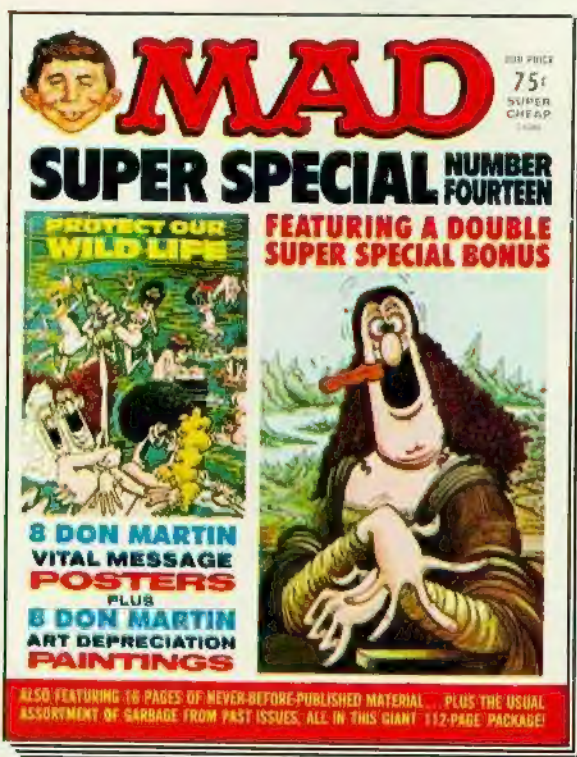
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DAVID FRAZIER subscriptions

CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS
the usual gang of idiots

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| ☐ DON MARTIN Steps Out | ☐ MAD Word Power |

☐ MAD Cradle to Grave Primer

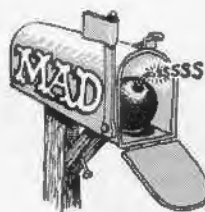
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LETTERS DEPT.



THE WAY WE BORE

"The Way We Bore" was one of your
best movie satires. Larry Siegel and Mort
Drucker certainly couldn't be boring!

Jonathan Listig
Lakewood, N.J.

"The Way We Bore" is right! You and
the movie bored me to sleep. But Mort
Drucker's art work was fantastic!

Mike Sherard
Orlando, Fla.

I was sickened at the way you skewed
the whole movie into a "teenie bopper"
story! That was a beautiful movie and it's
a shame that you had to tear it to shreds.

Becky Robinson
Glastonbury, Conn.

I made the Guinness World Record
Book for non-stop yawning. Keep up the
good work, Larry and Mort.

Louis Barbarite
Mastic Beach, N.Y.

Barbara Strident should have been yell-
ing something altogether different from
"Ban the bomb!" It should have been,
"Boycott MAD! Boycott MAD!"

Marc Covert
Portland, Oregon

MAD GUIDE TO RECYCLING GARBAGE

Al Jaffee's "A MAD Guide To Recy-
cling Garbage" was great. I'm now trying
to find a way to recycle my collection of
MAD magazines.

Bo Barbire
Moultrie, Ga.

I loved Al Jaffee's recycling old clothes
and ties into winter clothes for pets. I'd
like to see his designs for a lounging robe
for my six ounce parakeet.

Joanne D'Alcomo
Boston, Mass.

The expressions on the characters are
just too much. This is easily Al Jaffee's
best effort!

Charles Gloman
Hazleton, Pa.

Surprisingly, most of the ideas could be
used in real life. You know what I mean,
besides just kidding around.

Mike Miller
Montreal, Canada

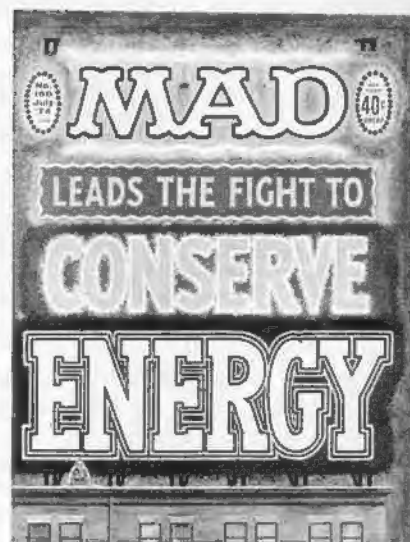
What happened? Many of Jaffee's re-
cycled items actually made sense!

David Kaspar
Bakersfield, Calif.

MAD CONSERVE ENERGY COVER

Your "MAD Leads The Fight To Con-
serve Energy" cover was a bright idea!

Jay Armstrong
Green Bay, Wis.



I took a dim view of your cover 'cause
I tried to read the issue by my Donald
Duck nightlight!

DeAnne Oakland
Ramapo, N.J.

PARENTAL NON-SEQUITURS

Just a note from a Mom who always
buys MAD for the kids and takes the Na-
tional Geographic to appease her guilt. A
Non-Sequitur at *our* house:

WHAT YOU SAY TO YOUR PARENTS:

"Mom, guess what! The new issue of
MAD is on the stands. Let's buy it."

WHAT YOU HOPE THEY WILL SAY:

"Quick, find my car keys. We'll go right
down and get it now; a copy for you, and a
copy for me, so we won't have to wait
turns to read it."

WHAT THEY WILL PROBABLY SAY:

"You just reminded me, you didn't take
the trash out this morning. I'm not going
to add to it; there's enough trash here
already."

Mrs. Midge McWhister
Palm Springs, Calif.

Your "Parental Non-Sequiturs" seemed
almost relevant. I was pleased to see your
magazine using more sophisticated words
like "Non-Sequitur," which we used not
too long ago in my Latin II class. It ap-
pears to be the perfect phrase since it
means "illogical argument." In my opin-
ion, MAD is just one big Non-Sequitur.

Janet Lee Gross
Hawthorne, Calif.

Either Stan Hart and I have the same
mother or there are Xerox copies of her
floating around, all over the nation.

Shawna M. Martin
Delano, Calif.

A MAD LOOK AT MARRIAGE

My Mom and Dad said "A MAD Look At Marriage . . . Before And After" is so true. I can't tell. I didn't know them *before* they were married.

Kathy Quinn
Waretown, N.J.

LIGHTER SIDE OF THE ENERGY CRISIS

While reading Dave Berg's "The Lighter Side Of The Energy Crisis" I fell asleep with the light on.

Jack Degnan
Garden Grove, Calif.

BILLY JOCK

Your "Billy Jock" was the most overpowering thing since Watergate, especially when I took my shoes off and read it.

Mike Weidman
Corunna, Mich.

Having seen the movie, I thought Stan Hart and Angelo Torres did a very perceptive job.

Carol Smith
Orinda, Calif.

I thought the movie "Billy Jack" was superb, but Hart's satire murdered it beyond recognition. So don't expect any recognition for it!

Joe Boudreaux
Shreveport, La.

"Billy Jack" left me in tears. "Billy Jock" left me in tears . . . of laughter.

Barbara Kirkner
Novato, Calif.

As long as I live, I'll remember reading "Billy Jock." It all started on a Saturday morning . . . or was it a Tuesday afternoon . . . or maybe it was a Friday evening . . . anyway, I'll never forget it . . .

Ray Pence
Sinclair, Wyo.

A MAD MEDICAL REPORT

I think Frank Jacobs is an excellent writer and "A MAD Medical Report" was worthy of him. Although I live in Canada, I am aware of the degrading of your National Symbol, and Frank Jacobs expressed this superbly. Irving Schild's photo of the abused Uncle Sam accentuated the ailments.

Perry Hancock
Gander, Newfoundland
Canada

Frank Jacobs diagnosed Uncle Sam perfectly! Now if they could only find a cure . . .

David Williams
Shawnee, Okla.

Why all the fuss? I hope I look that good when I'm 198!

James Randleman
Fair Oaks, Calif.

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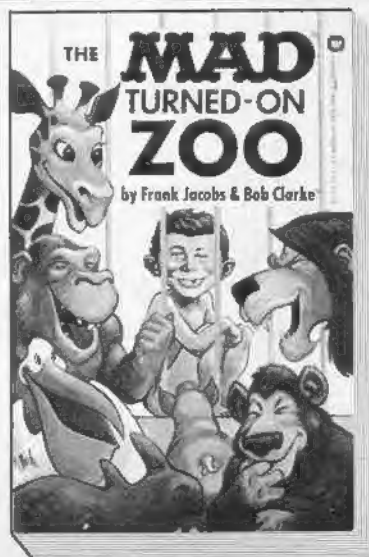
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PRICES LOWER!

Yep, the prices for these full-color portraits of Alfred E. Neuman, MAD's "What-Me Worry?" kid, (suitable for framing or lining bird cages) were lower last issue! Due to higher costs, we are forced to raise them this issue. (No fair rushing in an order based on last issue's prices --you already saw this ad!) Just resign yourself to having to now mail in 35¢ for 1, 75¢ for 3, \$1.35 for 8, \$3.15 for 27 or \$6.35 for 81 to: MAD, 485 MADison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022



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BETWEEN THE DEVIL AND THE HOLY SEE DEPT.

Remember the good old days when Hollywood used to make horror movies about vampires, werewolves, zombies, seventy foot apes and other assorted monsters? Let's face it, they were all disgusting creatures, but there was still something kinda harmless and loveable about them. Well, those days are gone forever. Today's film makers have come up with something *really* disgusting. Yessiree, you screamed at "Frankenstein," you shrieked at "Dracula" and you shuddered at "King Kong," but take it from us . . . those guys were all a bunch of pussycats when compared to . . .

THE E

Hello! I am Father Merry . . . a Catholic Priest in charge of this archaeological excavation project here in the Middle East . . . where we are searching for ancient religious artifacts!

Dig . . . my Arab children! Keep digging until we find something important!

We're digging! Stop bugging us!

Yeah, Father! No kidding! You're getting to be a pain in the neck!

Hear how they talk to me? But, I will not despair! You think it's tough for Priests to get MOSLEMS to obey them? You should see the problems we have with CATHOLICS nowadays!

What in heck are we looking for, anyway, Abdul!

The answer to the second greatest mystery of all time!

The SECOND?! What's the NUMBER ONE greatest mystery?

Why a picture about a horrible thing that happens to a little girl in Washington, D.C., spends the opening fifteen minutes on a dumb mountainside here in Iraq!

Father Merry! Come quick! I have dug up something incredible! It is magnificent . . . priceless! Men will destroy each other for its possession! Governments will topple . . .

HE WORKS US LIKE DOGS.

JOE

DIG WE MUST

AT POT HOLE

MET DRUCKER



CCHORCIST

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

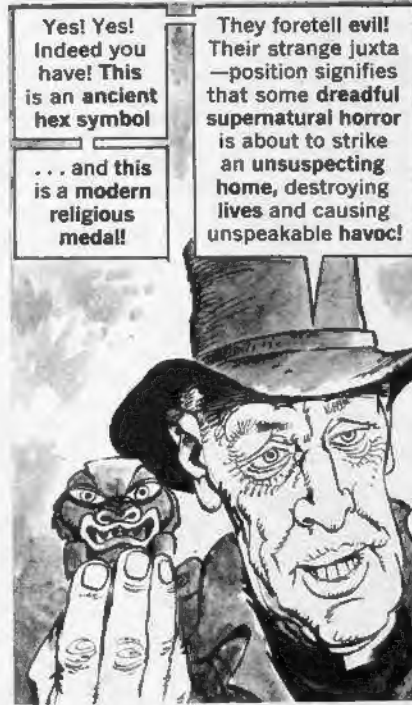


Nice try, Abou, but Iraq has enough oil! Besides, we're looking for **RELIGIOUS** items!

But oil **IS** a religious item! Didn't you hear those American tourists in Baghdad praying, "We need gas! Oh, Lord, how we need gas!"?

Very funny! Now... get to work...

Father! I have found something **REALLY** interesting!



Yes! Yes! Indeed you have! This is an ancient hex symbol

... and this is a modern religious medal!

They foretell evil! Their strange juxtaposition signifies that some dreadful supernatural horror is about to strike an unsuspecting home, destroying lives and causing unspeakable havoc!

Where did you find them?

In this ancient Cracker Jack box!

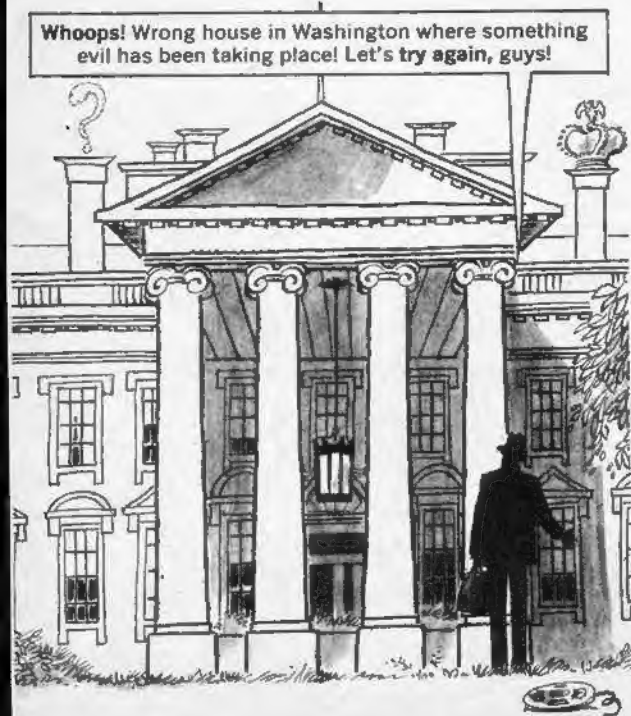
What else was inside?

Ancient Cracker Jack! They were delicious—but my **TEETH!!**

Now the story can really begin!

It's about time!

Okay, let's cut to the house in Washington, D.C. ... where something evil has been taking place ...



Whoops! Wrong house in Washington where something evil has been taking place! Let's try again, guys!



Hi! Welcome to our cheery home! I'm Crass McSqueal, a happy-go-lucky film star with an adorable daughter and just about everything a suburban Mother could dream of ... a pool in the back, a lawn in the front and a lover on the side!

I'm Saran ... the Governess! I take care of sweet little Ravin! I also take care of her Father ... but he's in Europe now!

I'm Kraut ... ze German Houseman! Zis iss such a happy plaze! I hafn't had zuch fun zince I vas Stairway Monitor at Buchenvald! Undt now—

HEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEER'S RAVIN ...

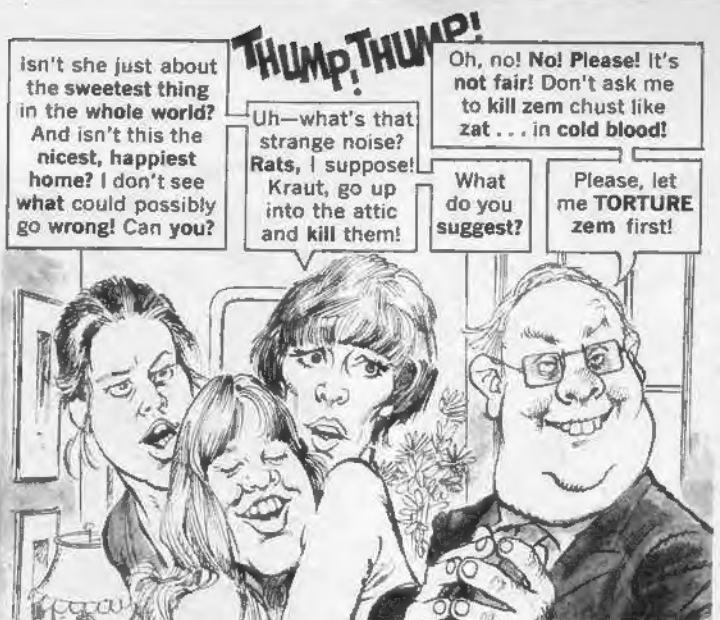


Hi, sweet Mumsy! Hi, loyal servants!

There's my little darling! Hello, Ravin dear ...

Ooh! Isn't she cute and irresistible! I must hug her this very instant!

No, no! Me first! Chust vun hug! Undt zen maybe a little pinch to draw blood! I'm entitled to some pleasure, too!



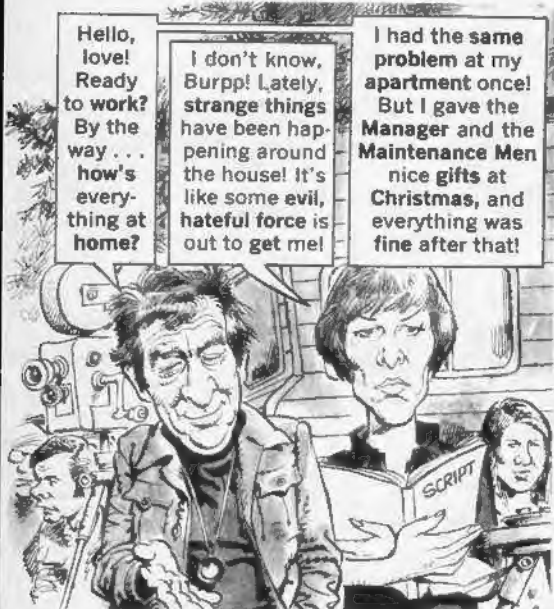
Isn't she just about the sweetest thing in the whole world? And isn't this the nicest, happiest home? I don't see what could possibly go wrong! Can you?

THUMP, THUMP!
Uh—what's that strange noise? Rats, I suppose! Kraut, go up into the attic and kill them!

Oh, no! No! Please! It's not fair! Don't ask me to kill zem chust like zat ... in cold blood!

What do you suggest?

Please, let me **TORTURE** zem first!



Hello, love! Ready to work? By the way ... how's everything at home?

I don't know, Burpp! Lately, strange things have been happening around the house! It's like some evil, hateful force is out to get me!

I had the same problem at my apartment once! But I gave the Manager and the Maintenance Men nice gifts at Christmas, and everything was fine after that!



I guess it's nerves! With my Husband away, I'm so lonely! Oh, Burpp ... I need a man so badly!

Oh, God ... so do I!!

All right, kids! Places, please! Ready for the big campus scene!

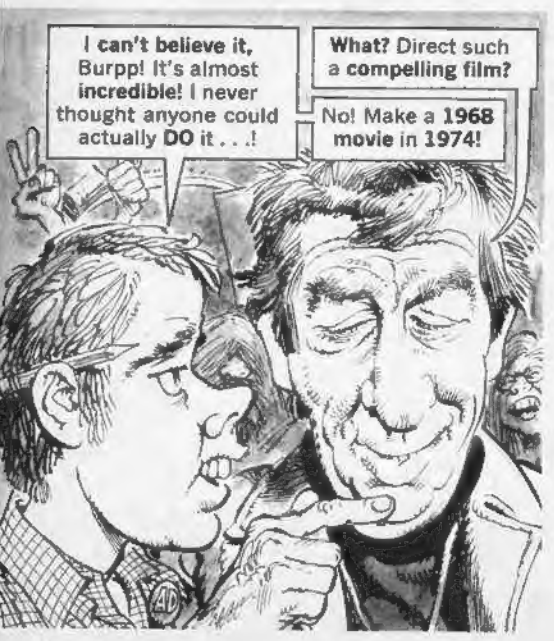


Okay, students! Let's storm the Administration Building!

Show the pigs we mean business!

Down with the fuzz!

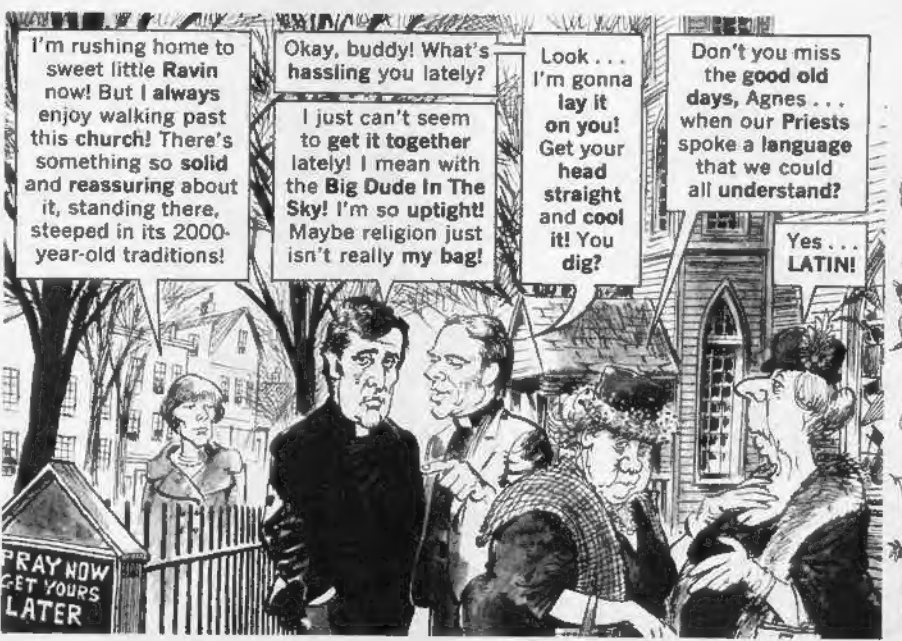
BURN, baby! BURN!



I can't believe it, Burpp! It's almost incredible! I never thought anyone could actually **DO** it ...!

What? Direct such a compelling film?

No! Make a 1968 movie in 1974!



I'm rushing home to sweet little Ravin now! But I always enjoy walking past this church! There's something so solid and reassuring about it, standing there, steeped in its 2000-year-old traditions!

Okay, buddy! What's hassling you lately?

I just can't seem to get it together lately! I mean with the **Big Dude In The Sky**! I'm so uptight! Maybe religion just isn't really my bag!

Look ... I'm gonna lay it on you! Get your head straight and cool it! You dig?

Don't you miss the good old days, Agnes ... when our Priests spoke a language that we could all understand?

Yes ... **LATIN!**



Hello, Ravin, darling! What did Mommy's sweet little girl do today?

Well, I sewed a dress for my dolly, I gave my puppy a bath, and now I'm communicating with a dead spirit . . .

Silly ninny, playing with a Ouija Board! Don't you know those things **don't** work! It is impossible for a living being to communicate with the dead! It just can't be done! Do you understand that, dear?

Yes, Mommy!

Good! Now were there any messages for me today?

Grandma called, your Agent called, your Insurance Man said to phone him, and Benedict Arnold sends his regards!

Now, cut that out!!

Will Burpp be at the party that you're giving tomorrow night? I love him so much!

He's like a second Daddy to you, huh?

Well, let's say a second MOMMY!

What a great party, Crass! Look at all the celebrities! Actors, Congressmen . . . why, I even recognize the guy in the glen plaid suit! That's Kip Klipp, the Astronaut!

Hey! Who is that guy . . . playing the piano?

Father Dooley! He's new around here! He just got the call!

From the Archdiocese in Washington?

No . . . from Caesars Palace in Las Vegas!

I used to work in Chicago—

Ravin! Why do you look so EVIL? And what are you DOING?!!

You're gonna DIE up there . . .

My child! That's a terrible thing to say to an Astronaut!

Who are you?

I'm a Priest who's booked to play Las Vegas!

You're gonna die up there, too!

What an awful thing she just did! I mean, I've seen people throw up when I'm playing, but . . .

Stick around! she does a lot of THAT later on, too!

I don't get it! Why did she commit such a disgusting act?!!

Ooo-ee! If she says, "The DEVIL made me do it!"—I'll SUE!

Mommy . . . Mommy . . .

Ravin! What is it?

There's something wrong with my BED!!

How weird! A bed that won't stop shaking and vibrating! Saran, get rid of it! Give it back to the man who sold it to us!

At this hour of the night, where am I going to find Hugh Hefner?!

There, there! Just relax!
Everything will be all right!

Oh, Mommy! I'm so frightened!
I feel like something terrible
is after me! Some ugly cursing
snarling hideous monster that
wants to take me away from you!

Don't
be silly,
darling!
you
KNOW
your
Daddy is
in Europe!

Doctor, I'm
glad you
could come!
I want you
to look at
my daughter!

You stupid &★!@!<!
Your Sister is a
★!@!<★! Your Father
is a★!@!<★! And
your Mother kisses
sweaty gym shirts!

CCCCCCH!

PTOOOOEY!

Tell me, have you noticed
anything **UNUSUAL**
about her behavior lately?

@#\$\$%
&*!<

Well, Doctor?
what do you
think . . . ?

Hmm! It's the
strangest
case of
bronchitis
I have ever
seen!

Bronchitis???
Why would anyone
with bronchitis
act like that?

That's what makes
it so strange! I'll
X-ray her brain
to see if I can
find out anything!

Very well!
And while
you're at
it, would
you try to
find out
something
else . . . ?

What's that?

Where
in the
★!@!<★!
did she
get
such a
★!@!<★!
filthy
mouth!

SPLAT!

As you can see, we are
using very complicated
X-ray equipment, Mrs.
McSqueal! That's because
your daughter has some
strange disease which
we do not understand!

Gee, Doctor . . . all that
exposure to radiation!
Isn't there a chance she
could develop **CANCER?**

Sure . . . but **THAT**
we understand!

Well, the X-rays reveal
there is nothing wrong
with your daughter! In
no time, she should be
up and around, playing
house, finger-painting,
sewing dolls' dresses—

Kiss my
★!@!<★!
you
silly
four-eyed
★!@!<★!

—driving a
trailer truck!

Doctor, there
IS something
wrong! I know
it! I feel it!

Listen . . .
I **HEAR** it!

Perhaps we
had better
call in a
Psychiatrist!



Oh, Dr. Klown! Thank heavens you've come! I need a Psychiatrist so badly!

The way I see it, Mrs. McSqueal, your Oedipus Complex is the result of a Father fixation brought on by an early enema, and—

All right! How's this? You have a pathological fear of sex as a result of a deep-rooted psychosis arising from a traumatic pre-natal hernia!

My, my! Aren't we picky today! All right, you have dementia praecox, and THAT'S IT! I'm a very busy man!

Wait, Doctor! You don't understand!

No, Doctor! No!!

Doctor, it's not ME! It's my little girl!

Look at her, Doctor! Look at this room! The bed is shaking, and she's covered with blood, and she's violating a cross, and that weird evil voice is coming out of her mouth!

I assure you, Mrs. McSqueal, you have nothing to worry about!

Nope! But your little girl—now SHE's got a problem!

Yiccchhh! Le'me out of here!!

What am I going to do??

I don't!?!?

What's going on, Saran? There's a big crowd outside!

Bad news, Mrs. McSqueal! Burpp was mincing around in Ravin's room, and now the window's smashed and he's lying dead in the alley outside the house!

Oh . . . no! Poor Burpp! If I told him once, I told him a million times: Don't try to fly home in a FOG!

Uh . . . I'm Lt. Kindergarten! Can you tell me where I can find a Priest named Father Tsouris?

:Yes! I'm Father Tsouris!

YOU?!? Excuse me for being personal, Father, but what's a Priest doing running around a track on a Sunday morning?

Listen . . . the way Church attendance is nowadays, what ELSE is there to do! Did you ever try SURFING in this weather?

TRACK

Father, we just found a Director named Burpp Denims with his head turned completely around!

I met him once! It HAS to be an improvement!

No, you don't understand! He's dead . . . and we suspect an evil force is at work!

Oh, well, there's a LOT of that going around here in Washington!

Well, if you get any ideas about the murder, call me! Meanwhile—if you're not doing anything some evening, how would you like to go to a movie with me?

Love to! How about Christmas Eve?

You're not doing anything on Christmas Eve???

Oh! How idiotic of me! Why, I forgot all about the Roller Derby! Let's make it Easter Sunday!

It's MY ☆☆☆ room, so get your ☆☆☆ out of it!

Listen . . . to that language! And look what she's doing to her Mother!

Isn't zat cute? Our little girl iss growing up! She's getting more like a normal teenager every day!

Gentlemen, you are the finest medical minds in the world! Tell me... what's wrong with my daughter?

I think it's either a deep carnivorous calcification of the small temporal lobe... or a very tricky case of poison ivy!

It sounds more like Kopplemeyer's Disease to ME!

What's that?

How should I know?! Ask Kopplemeyer!

Go ahead... ask me! I'm Kopplemeyer!

Okay! Tell me! What's Kopplemeyer's Disease?

Don't ask!!

Please! We've wasted too much time already! Let's CUT!!

But we don't know WHERE to cut... or WHAT to cut!

So what! That never stopped us BEFORE!

I say we perform Open Brain Surgery!

How about doing a Skull Transplant?

I've GOT it! I've got it! We'll do a Nose Job!

A Nose Job!!? How can THAT help?

It can't HURT!

Mrs. McSqueal, your daughter has obviously been possessed by the Devil! I suggest you get a Priest... and have the Devil exorcised!

My child possessed by the DEVIL!!? You're crazy! Who could ever dream up anything more ridiculous than that?

Stick around! Now, we discuss your bill!

... and that's my story, Father! Do you think you can help me?

Of course! Now, here's what you do: Run the Devil 10 laps around a track, then have him do 50 push-ups, then...

That's how you exorcise the Devil?

EXORCISE? I thought you said—

Father! The one thing I DON'T need now is rotten jokes!

Father, this is my little girl! I tell you the Devil is inside of her!

Nonsense! She looks fine to me! Hi, little girl! How would you like a Baby Ruth?

How would you like a swift kick in the ***?

Hear that vicious, foul language? See the smoke pouring out of her mouth? Have you ever seen anything like that before, Father?

Only ONCE!

You've met ANOTHER child possessed by the Devil...?!

No, I was visiting a Public School, and I accidentally walked into the Girls' Bathroom!

Look, Ravin! I'm only here as a favor to your Mother! I happen to know there's nothing wrong with you, so...

C'MERE, FATHER! I WANNA TELL YOU SOMETHING!

You want to tell me something?

YEAH, YOU ***!

I know you're not possessed by the Devil! So don't try your phony profanity! I've heard every foul word ever uttered! There's nothing horrible or nauseating you can say that will upset me!

Except that!!

Yahhhh!

The Devil!

The Devil!

RING AROUND THE COLLAR! RING AROUND THE COLLAR!



I've given Father Tsouris permission to perform an Exorcism, but he needs an older Priest to assist him!

I'd like to help him, but everybody is tied up in important work these days!

How about Father Reilly?

Don't be ridiculous! This is his BINGO WEEK!

How could I forget! What about Father Callahan?

In the middle of his Guitar Lessons!?

Foolish me! How about Father Clancy?

You know he's doing the "Merv Griffin Show!"

Say! What about Father Merry? Is he doing anything important these days?

As far as I know, he's conducting Mass and hearing Confession!

What a WEIRDO! Send him!

Who's out there? Are you the Exorcist?

No, I'm the Avon Lady—POSING as a Priest! Who do you think I am?

I've been told the subject is only an 11-year old child, so this Exorcism shouldn't take too long! Where is she?

UPSTAIRS, ~~in the~~ MAKING OUT WITH A TENNIS SHOE!

Hmm! On second thought, I'd better unpack! Now ... these are the standard tools for an Exorcism: The vial of Holy Water to douse the evil spirit, the Crucifix to hold the Demon at bay, and the Hostess Cupcake ...

The Hostess CUPCAKE!??

You know it, Father! Exorcisms take time! Believe me, long about Midnight, you can get mighty hungry!

Well, Satan! Are you prepared to feel the Wrath of God?

GET LOST, CRUD! YOUR CHURCH STINKS! YOUR BISHOPS TAKE PAYOLA! AND THE POPE READS PLAYBOY!

Hmmmm! We always uncover something new about the enemy at these rituals!

You just learned something new about the Devil, Father Merry? What is it?

Well, for one thing, I think he's Protestant!

TWENTY-SEVEN HORRIBLE, DISGUSTING, NAUSEATING MINUTES LATER...

Okay, Satan! You win! We give up! What do you want? What will you take to leave this poor child's body?

Now you're talking, you White Collar Workers! My deal is a simple, typically corrupt Hollywood deal! A guarantee of six more movies!

That's all you want? Six more movies?

That's it, Sweeties! Listen, I haven't had this kind of popularity since the Inquisition! All this publicity and interest! If you think I've got Cults and Followers NOW, just wait until six MORE "Devil Flicks" hit the nabs!

Well, he's gone! And Ravin is FREE! But, how could you make that deal? How could you promise him six more movies?

That was easy! Have you seen the lines of people, waiting to see this movie? Have you seen the grosses it's piling up? What ELSE does Hollywood need to start a trend! SIX more "Devil Flicks"? Why, I'd guarantee SIXTY ... SEVENTY!

Oh, well ... that's "SHOW BIZ"!!

WISHFUL

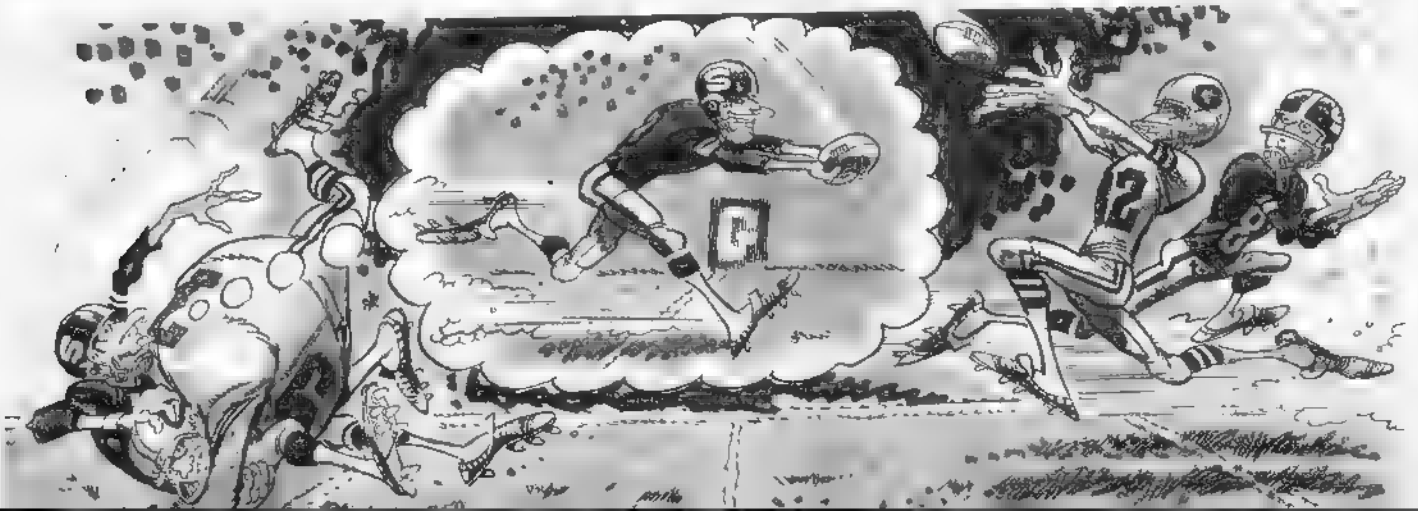
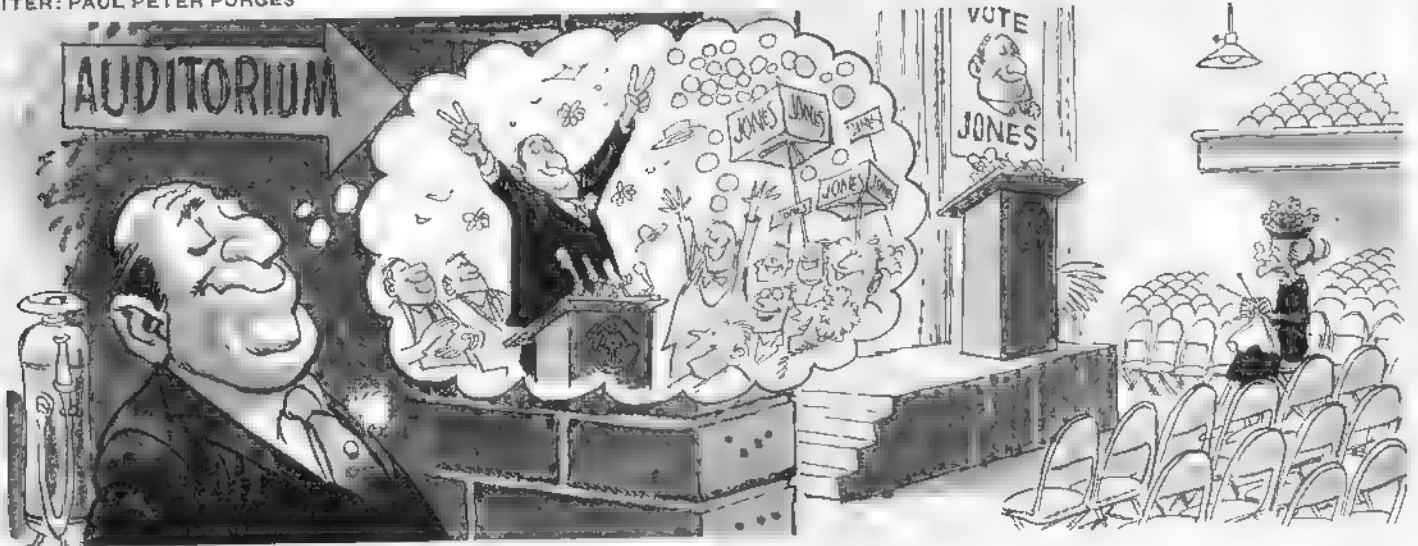
ARTIST: JACK DAVIS

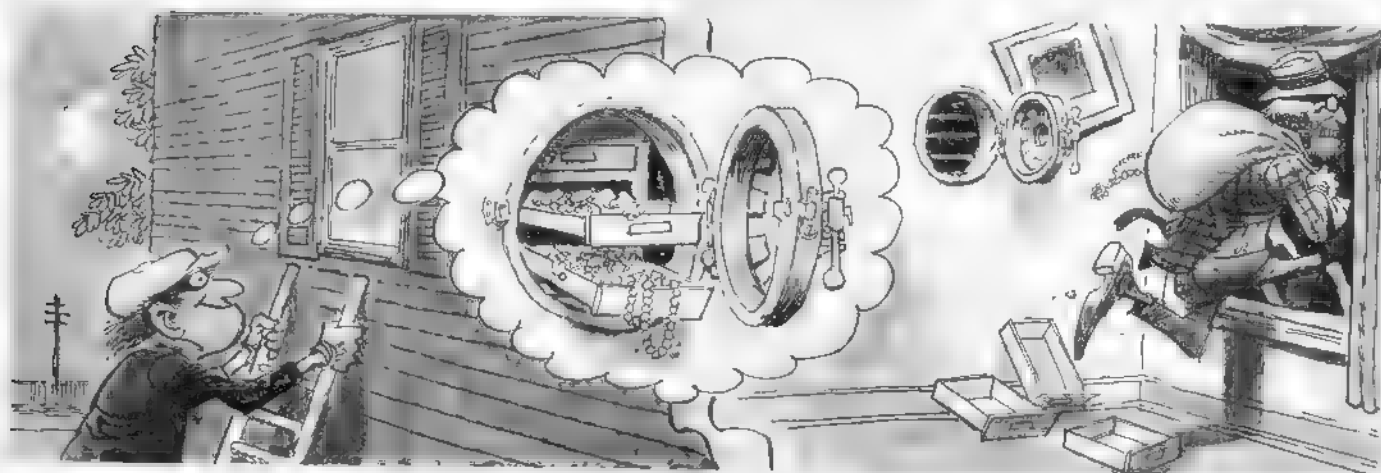
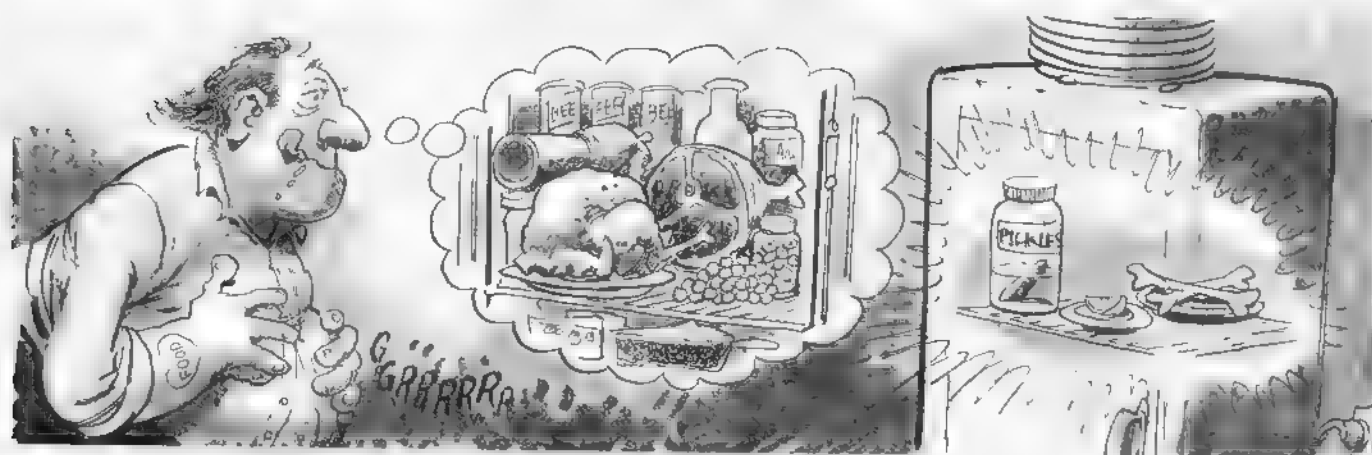
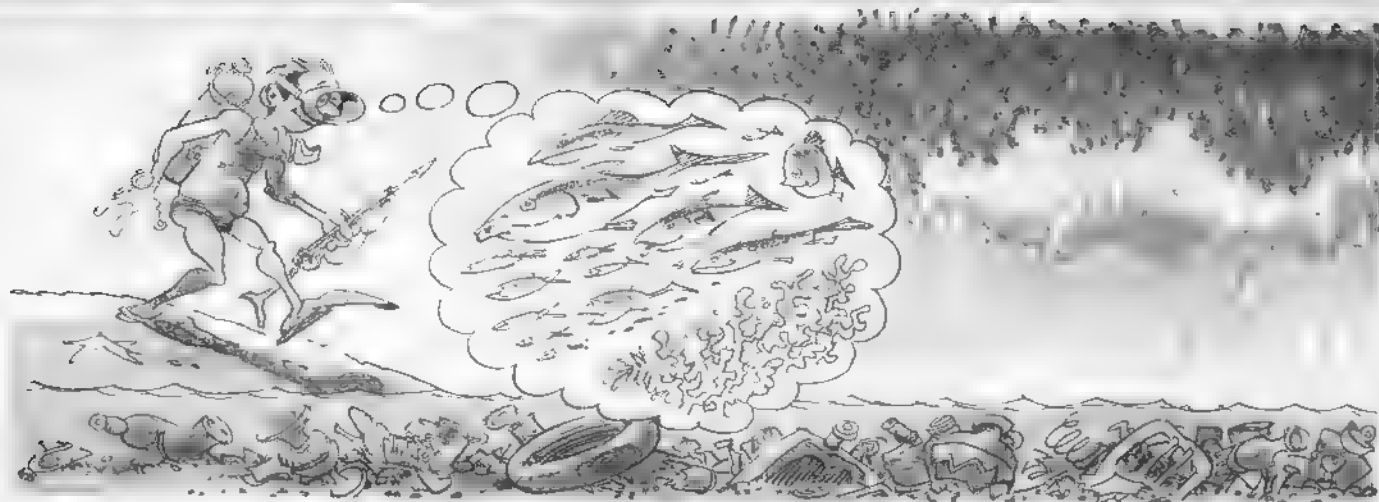




THINKING

WRITER: PAUL PETER PORGES



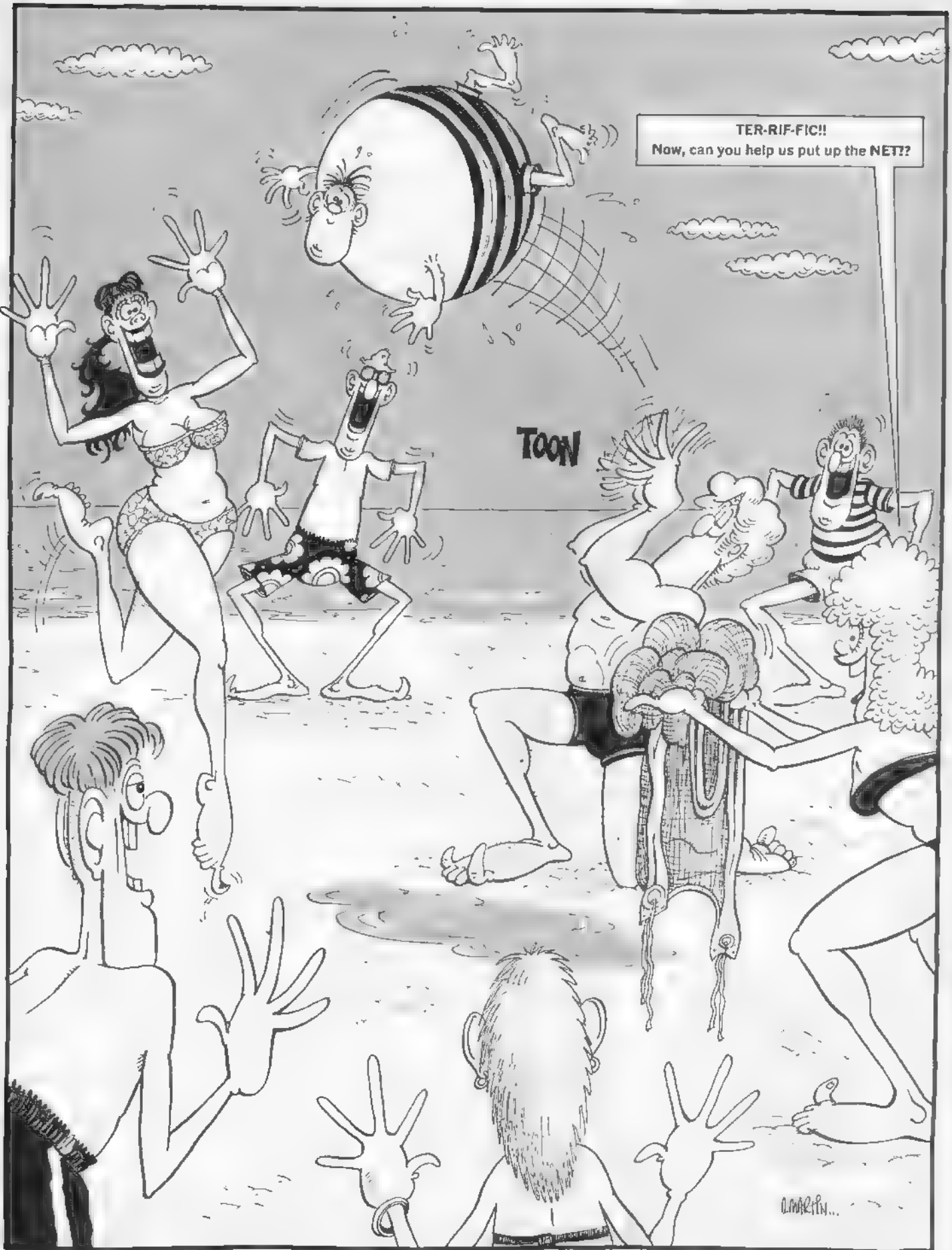


NEXT.



ONE SUNDAY MORNING ON THE BEACH





TER-RIF-FIC!!
Now, can you help us put up the NET??

TOON

A. MARSH...

THE MEET RACK DEPT.

Hi! I'm Mark Spritz! I'm famous for being a Gold Medal Winner! Unfortunately, I'm also a Silver coin LOSER! Mainly, I lost a toss with MAD's Editor...and now I'm stuck doing one of these idiotic interviews. So here I am with my special guest, Mr. Randolph Ripoff, who's been chosen

MAD'S "SINGLES ONLY" RESORT OWNER OF THE YEAR

Mark, baby... welcome to "The Groovy Life"... the only X-Rated Singles Resort in the mountains! Too bad you're married! Man, you could really score here!

Is this one of your guests?

No, that's my wife! Sarah, get back into the kitchen!!

This gorgeous hunk could make out with me anytime! Who cares if he's married!



ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE

Tell the truth, Mr. Ripoff... isn't this nothing but a "Make-Out Joint"?

Of course not! "The Groovy Life" is dedicated to the liberated, aware Single! Here, he or she can meet other mature human beings, and together they can explore the possibilities of inner development and self-realization in a free, relaxed atmosphere!

Oh? And what does that mean?

It means if a Swinger plays his cards right, he can't miss!!

Didn't you used to call this place, "RIPOFF'S RUSTIC BUNGALOW COLONY IN THE PINES"?

Yep! We catered to a Family Trade! I was barely making a living! Then I read that there were 48 million unmarried people in the country! Think of it! 48 million lonely, unloved people! It made me cry!

You felt sorry for all those people?

No... I felt sorry for ME! All those clods with all that bread to spend, and I wasn't getting my hands on any of it!



WELCOME TO
Groovy Life
YOUR HOST
RANDY RIPOFF

So, at great personal sacrifice,
I converted to "Singles Only"!

What great personal sacrifice?

I hired a Sign Painter
to change the name!
Sign Painters don't
come cheap these days!

... And are today's
Singles any different
from the guests you
USED to have here?

Of course! These kids are WITH IT!
They're LIBERATED! All we got in the
old days were ugly fat Secretaries
...and homely dull Accountants!



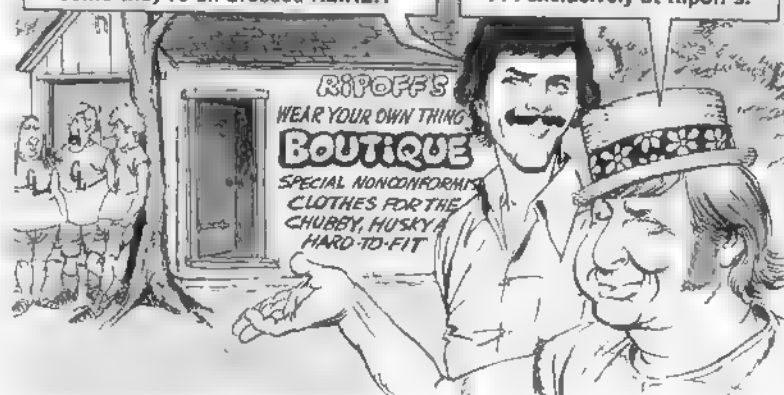
Uh... all I can
see are ugly fat
Secretaries and
homely dull
Accountants NOW!

Maybe true! But they're all
"Swinging Single" Secretaries
and Accountants! What did you
expect at a place like this—
Joe Namath and Gloria Steinem?

They may look like the same losers,
but there's a big difference! See—
Madison Avenue discovered the buying
power of the Singles, and gave them
a new, cool, swinging IMAGE! Just
look at the casual way they dress!

It's casual, all right... but how
come they're all dressed ALIKE??

Well, part of the Swinger's
creed is to do whatever is
IN! Or, to put it another
way, if you want to be a
Non-Conformist, you have
to CONFORM! And these—er
—Non-Conformist Uniforms
can only be purchased here
... exclusively at Ripoff's!



Well... at
least they
save money!
They don't
have to buy
an expensive
wardrobe!

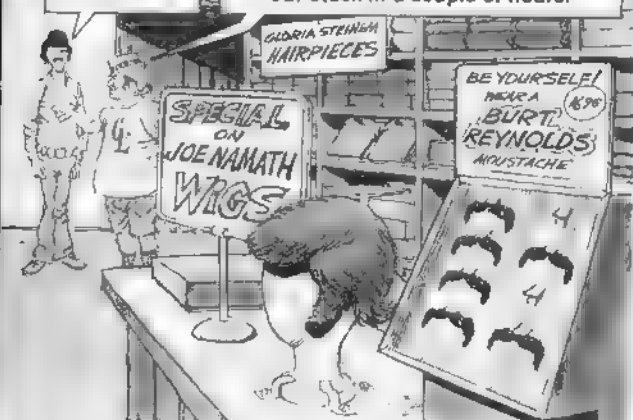
That's what YOU think! I CHANGE
the Official Uniform almost every
day! Tomorrow, I'm featuring jeans
cut off BELOW the knee, and IVY
LEAGUE COLLEGE JERSEYS instead
of Gag T-Shirts! We'll sell out
our stock in a couple of hours!

How come
all your
guests
are just
sitting
around,
doing
nothing?

What do you mean...
doing nothing?!? This
is our Transcendental
Meditation period!
They're all seeking
inner peace! I find
it a big help, too!

But... you're not meditating!

Who's got time to meditate?!?
As long as they're SITTING
there, I don't have to spend
money to ENTERTAIN them!
And nothing gives me inner
peace like saving a buck!!



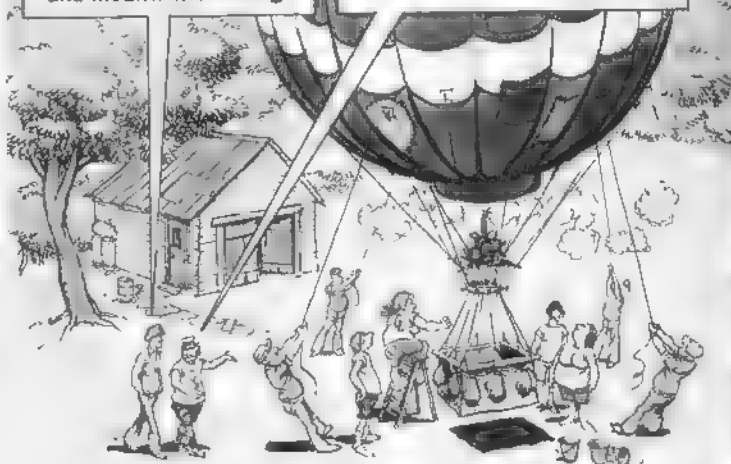
Do you have planned activities or do your guests find ways to amuse themselves?

If we didn't tell these Pepsi Generation Swingers what to do 24 hours a day, they'd do nothing but eat! I figure it's cheaper to amuse them than feed them! So we offer real far-out activities like ping-pong, volley ball, hula hoops, yo-yo's, beer busts, bridge tournaments, Simon says, handball, tennis, shuffleboard, bocce and Mambo Lessons!



They don't sound very far out! Most of the other Singles Clubs I know have wild things like Sky Diving and Mountain Climbing!

If any of these overweight slob's climbed an ANTHILL, they'd collapse! But we do have a hot air balloon! It's the best investment I ever made! Hop aboard!



Why is this the best investment you ever made? Because it keeps your guests happy?

Even more important, it keeps them air sick, and they can't eat their dinner!

Yeah, I see what you mean!



Another favorite pastime here is our popular Grope Encounter Sessions!

Er—you mean GROUP Encounter Sessions!

No, I mean GROPE! We put everybody in one room, turn the lights off and let them grope!

Why do you turn the lights off? So that everyone will be less inhibited?

No... so they won't see what the person they're GROPING WITH looks like!



Dig this! Tonight is Kung Fu Night!

Yes! I see that everyone's wearing a Karate Outfit—which, I'll bet, you ALSO sell in your Boutique!

You're catching on!

This is our Kung Fu Master, Irving Chiang!

Ah... Greetings, Grasshopper! Remember that it is written... "He who will not defend his honor honorably will have no honor left to defend!" Or...

Hey, Irving! Save that Fortune Cookie jazz for the PAYING customers!



Tell me! Are you a Black Belt?

No!

Are you a Brown Belt?

No, I'm more like a Red Suspender! I used to be a FIREMAN! Get it...?

Knock it off, Irv! You're not the Camp Clown anymore! You're supposed to be a big Karate Man!!

Gee—sorry, Mr. Ripoff! I keep forgetting!



Do you **KNOW** anything about **Kung** or **Karate**?

Only what I see on **TV** or in the **movies**!
Then . . . how can you teach it??

I don't **HAVE** to know anything! I'm **ORIENTAL**! These jokers figure that makes me an expert! So I just leap around and scream, "**YAH!**" . . . and then we drink tea, burn incense and discuss **Oriental Philosophy** . . .

We not only develop their **bodies**, but we also hold **rap sessions** to teach these clods to be **Swingers**! C'mon, we'll drop in on our "**Symposium For Self Betterment**" . . . conducted by our specially-trained **Guidance Counselor**!

Oh? Is he a **Psychologist**?
Who needs a **Psychologist** when I have an unemployed **Brother-In-Law**?

But . . . I thought you said that he was "**specially-trained**"?
He is! He reads "**Cosmopolitan**," "**Penthouse**," and "**Playboy**"!



Whenever you go to a **Singles Hangout**, never say you've been there before! Like . . . it's always your first time!

You say . . . "**Hey, didn't we meet last Summer at Fire Island?**"

Never mention **Coney Island**! That's a bad scene! It's like admitting you still live with your **Mother**!

Gee, it's not easy being a **Swinger**! They got more rules than plain **civilians**!

What's a good way to start a conversation?

Uh—how about **CONEY Island**!

Some of your guests seem kind of **OLD** for the "**Singles Scene**"! Don't you have an **age limit**!

You're as old as your **Bank Account**, I say! Actually, when the **Singles Movement** first began, anyone over **30** was considered **Establishment**! Now, suddenly, everybody's **30** . . . so the acceptable age for **Swingers** has been raised to **35**! If it keeps up, in twenty more years, we'll have "**Golden Age Singles Clubs**"!



Oh . . . by the way! How about you, **Sir**? Do you have any children?

I have a **daughter**! Isn't she a beauty? A real **Princess**!

Does she spend any time here?

Over my **dead body**! I wouldn't let her set foot in one of these **body shops**! This girl is different! She's an old-fashioned girl! I want her to marry a **Professional Man**! Hey, maybe you know some nice, eligible men in **TV**?

Uhhmm—I think I'll be **leaving**! Goodbye, **Mr. Ripoff**!

How about a **Doctor**? Could you introduce her to **Marcus Welby**? Or maybe his **Assistant** . . . ? Or how about a nice **Lawyer** . . . ? Like **Owen Marshall** . . . or . . . Hey! You know **Doc Elliot** . . . ??

This is **Mark Spritz**—signing off for **MAD**! Magazine!



SPOOKING FROM PICTURES DEPT.

Hey, gang, it's time once again for MAD's nutty old "Cliché Monster" game. Here's how it works: Take any familiar phrase or colloquial expression, give it an eerie setting so you create a new type monster, and you're playing it. Mainly, you're . . .

HORRIFYING CLICHÉS

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.

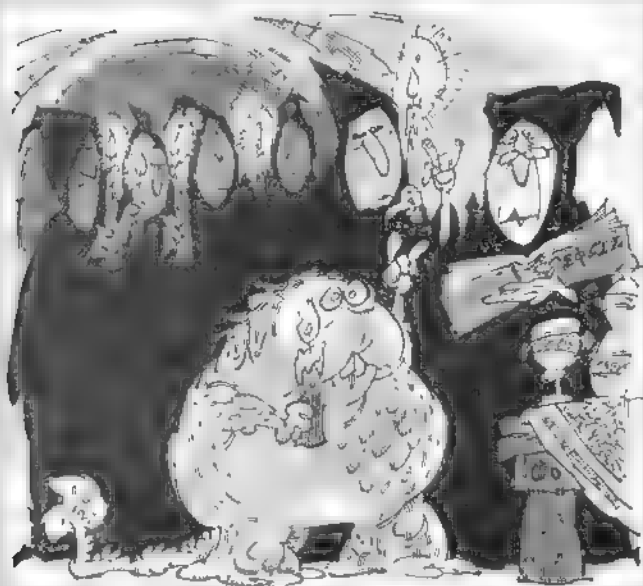
WRITER: MAY SAKAMI



Reviving an OLD CUSTOM



Cooking Up A ALIBI



Initiating A PROGRAM



Batting An IDEA Around



Casing A JOINT



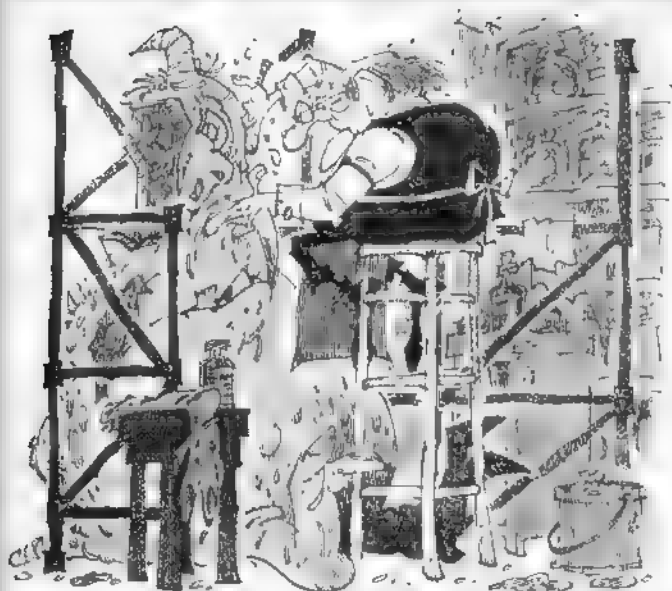
Hurling An INVECTIVE



Driving A MEAN BARGAIN



Ushering In An ERA



Restoring A CONFIDENCE



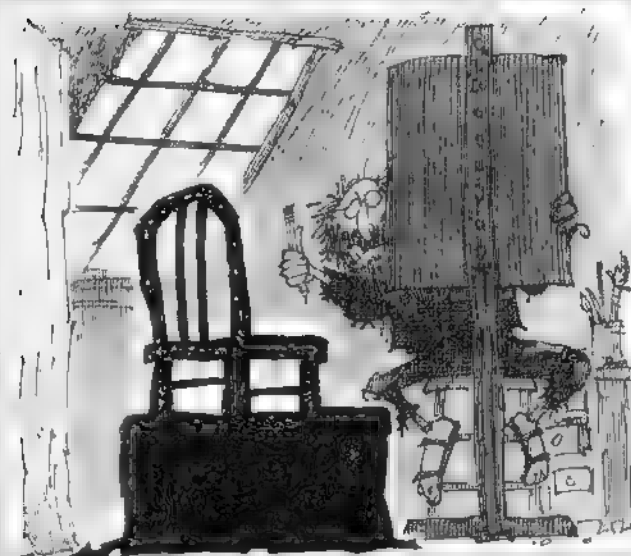
Chalking Up A VICTORY



Meeting a **CRYING NEED**



Catching **FORTY WINKS**



Drawing A **BLANK**



Dangling A **PARTICIPLE**



Going Through A **PHASE**



Redressing A **WRONG**

Every day the newspapers are printing more stories about President Nixon's impeachment, and every day clods like us have to digest masses of quotes, charges, denials and garbage. Wouldn't it be nice

MAD'S ALL-INCLUSIV

I
to a group
at a caucus
to unruly mobs
at a nude wedding
at a raffle
to the keepers
despite the threats
to the boredom
to a fan club
at a Bar Mitzvah
over the heads
beyond the hearing range

II
G.O.P. Congressmen
Democratic lawmakers
newsmen
black militants
White House "Plumbers"
typhoid carriers
wife-swappers
John Dean's schoolmates
Capricorns
gay liberationists
Pennsylvania shepherds
schizophrenics

IMPEACH NEWSPAPER

Speaking _____ 1 _____ of
declared today that the impeachment of P
The statement, which was _____
_____ 7 _____ with _____
_____ 9 _____ 10
Asked for comment, a White House

■
cheered
denied
detested
repeated for laughs
translated into Urdu
heard and forgotten
shown to G. Gordon Liddy
called a darling idea
relayed via satellite
sung to the tune of "Swanee"
secretly bugged
passed on by kissing

6
by Presidential critics
by Presidential supporters
in the Oval Office
by John Wayne
by Dan Rather
in the Senate men's room
by the KGB
in a Denver trailer court
on "Let's Make a Deal"
by every dwarf but Sneezy
by the Washington Redskins
by a Fresno streaker

7
John Mitchell
E. Howard Hunt
H.R. Haldeman
Bebe Rebozo
Robert Vesco
Alice Cooper
life on Saturn
Andrew Johnson
the Russian grain deal
recent earthquakes
Agnew's golf game
Darwin's theory

■
Watergate
the erased tapes
the Dirty Tricks squad
Nixon's unpaid taxes
David Eisenhower
Martha Mitchell
cancer
Linda Lovelace
toe fungus
Evers and Chance
obesity
Comet Kohoutek

to have one news story instead of the hundreds we're now forced to wade through? Well, consider it done. Simply fill in the numbered blanks from the corresponding numbered lists, and you'll have . . .

WE DO-IT-YOURSELF

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS



COMMENT ER STORY

_____ (2) _____, _____ (3) _____
 sident Nixon _____ (4) _____
 _____ (5) _____, linked
 _____ (8) _____ and alleged that the President
 _____ as far back as _____ (11) _____
 spokesman _____ (12) _____

3

Rep. Peter Rodino
 Vice President Ford
 Sen. Sam Ervin
 Harold Stassen
 an IBM computer
 the Kim sisters
 an obscene phone-caller
 John-boy Walton
 Marley's ghost
 a trained mynah
 a man in a funny hat
 a lovely guy named Phil

is a certainty

will fail by two votes
 will become a TV series
 is fattening
 will ruin Billy Graham
 will bring back vaudeville
 can cause rabies
 will unify Costa Rica
 sure beats working
 was predicted by Nostradamus
 will be rated PG
 may replace sex

9

knew about
 was covering up
 chose to ignore
 had no knowledge of
 blamed Pakistan for
 ped with Bob Dylan about
 utterly adored
 mped up and down about
 nsulted an exorcist about
 told David Frye about
 cussed at a summit meeting
 went into trance over

10

the break-in
 the cover-up
 his land deals
 an embarrassing hickey
 George Allen's game plan
 Kosygin's bad breath
 Rebozo's tailor
 his I.T.T. dividends
 graffiti on Air Force One
 Kissinger's accent
 Key Biscayne speed freaks
 Pat's selling her cloth coat

11

September 3, 1972
 April 10, 1973
 Tricia's wedding
 FDR's third term
 his Checkers speech
 Hunt's first novel
 his lawyers can remember
 the 1972 Super Bowl
 a previous lifetime
 Teapot Dome
 his first attack of amnesia
 the Crusades

12

denied the charge
 could not be found
 took the Fifth Amendment
 resigned
 threw up
 went bananas
 said he was George Plimpton
 defected
 locked himself in the bathroom
 whistled "Dixie"
 got stoned
 was given last rites

Look at those poor, underprivileged children down there, roasting in the hot sun... with nothing to do... and no way to cool off!

The city should build them a municipal swimming pool, or close a street and set up sprinklers, or at least open a few fire-hydrants!

Nobody's doing anything about it! Everyone's too lethargic! Everyone wants to let George do it! Well, I'm George! And I'm going to make noise! I'm going to circulate petitions and pound on the Mayor's door until I get some action in this just cause!

Not now! It's too hot!

Good! And I'll help you! Let's get started right this minute!!

BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF...

HOT

EVERYBODY...OUT OF THE POOL!!

Why do they always chase us out of the pool whenever there's a thunderstorm...?

Because they don't want us to get WET, silly!

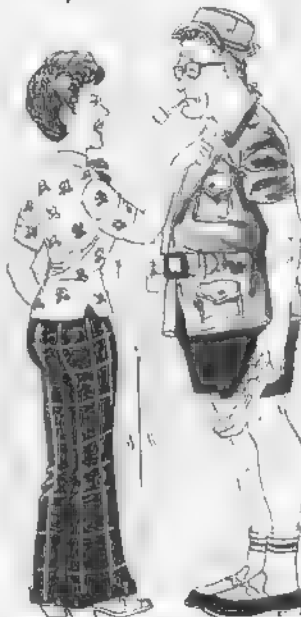
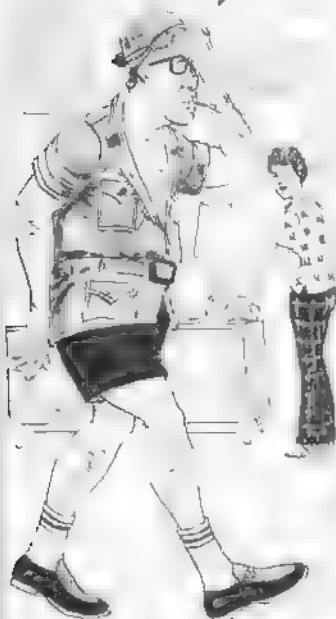
Man, it's **HOT** out there!
I could go for a nice cold
glass of **ICE WATER!**

HEY!! What **IS** this!?! The
ice cube tray is **EMPTY!** The
last person who used it should
have filled it up again! If I
don't do these things, then
nobody does! O K.! Who was
the dummy who used it last?

It was **YOU!!**

Oh!

See what I mean?! If I
don't do these things,
then **NOBODY** does!?



WEATHER

ARTIST & WRITER: DAVE BERG

Listen . . . Mr.
Resident Manager!
The lights in the
whole building
are out again!

Yup!
It's the
main fuse!
Overload,
y'know!

See, this is an old building!
It wasn't wired for all them
new-fangled electric gadgets!
So when everyone starts usin'
'em at the same time . . . poof
. . . the main fuse blows!

What can we do about it?

The only thing to do is
. . . **nobody** should use
their air-conditioners
during the peak period!

Fine!
When
is
that?

JULY and AUGUST!



The sun sure is bright out there! I need a pair of sunglasses!

We have a very large selection here ...

DRUG

Oh, **THESE** are attractive!

Yes, but they're not very practical! They won't protect your eyes as well as the plain Polaroids will!

What it finally comes down to is: Do you want to be **ATTRACTIVE** or **PRACTICAL**?

PRACTICAL, of course!

That's why I'll take the **ATTRACTIVE** pair!



Hey, kid! You're **NEW** around here, huh?

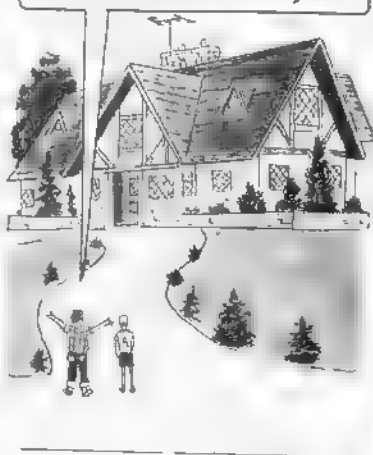
Yeah! My Dad's on his Summer vacation, and we're spending it—living in this fantastic house!

Oh, yeah! That's where I live! My house can be cooled down to fifty degrees with its central air conditioning! My house can sleep fifteen comfortably ...

... and my house can be sold for 70 thousand dollars!

What can **YOUR** house do?

Seventy miles an hour on the Freeway!



Are you crazy or something?? Why are you buying "Ant and Roach Spray," "House & Garden Insecticide" and "Fly Killer"?

Because bugs come out when it's hot and—Oh, I forgot! You're an "Ecology Nut"!!

Am I a "Nut" to value life above all things?? Am I a "Nut" to be concerned about the balance of Nature ... ???

Maybe you're right! I **DID** hear that aerosol insecticides can be dangerous to people!

It's the Insect Cycle I'M worried about! As far as **PEOPLE** are concerned, they can all go to **HELL**!





And now for the weather! There is no break in sight for this current heat wave! The power company reports a dangerous overload due to excessive use of air conditioners! Therefore—

There will be a 10% cutback in electric power! This could cause blackouts in some areas! The power company also advises its customers to shut off all unnecessary electric appliances

including your radio!

Stay tuned for further reports!



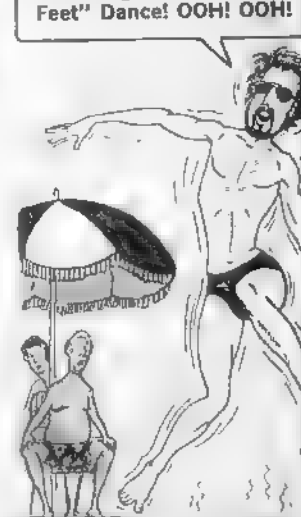
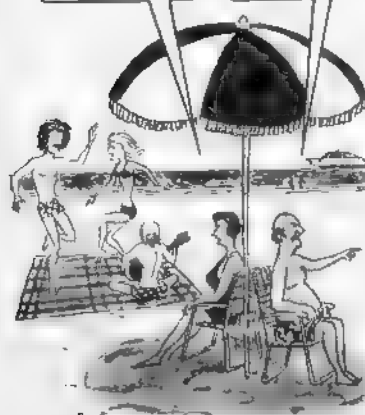
Look at those crazy kids! Every week it's another new dance!

If you think THEY'RE crazy, look at this nut over here!

OOH! OOH! OOH! OOH!

Hey, k d! What's the name of that crazy dance you're doing?

It's called "The Hot Sand Is Burning The Soles Of My Feet" Dance! OOH! OOH!



That chintzy, cheap, paper decoration is hideous!

That is not a decoration! That gets rid of flies!

Actually, that hideous paper decoration is only a cover for the chemically-treated plastic strip inside!

Really? But, how does it work?

YOU'RE the Chemistry Major! YOU tell ME!

Okay... I WILL...

The fly takes one look at that hideous thing... and LEAVES!!



Oh, boy! What a NIGHT!!

It was hot and muggy... and the bugs were biting... and my heat rash was itching...

and then this guy started following me around, telling me how BEAUTIFUL I was!

It was the GREATEST NIGHT of my LIFE!!



I don't know what's worse! This beastly hot weather, or the constant repetition of—

Don't say it! If I hear it one more time, I'll SCREAM!!

Hi! Isn't it just awful?! Y'know, it's not the HEAT... it's the HUMIDITY!

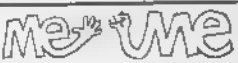
Y A A A A H H H H !

Y'know, it's NOT the heat! And it's NOT the humidity! It's all that SCREAMING!!

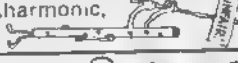
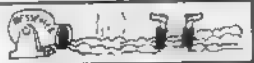
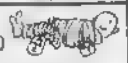




Alfred's Poor ALMANAC

AUGUST		THURS 15	MAD No. 170 goes on sale. Publisher predicts issue will be sold out. 
FRI 16	Nine-year-old Nelly Markell is trapped in Pilsbury bag, becomes first flour child, 1966 	SAT 17	Psychiatrist Kurt Zeigler arrested for wearing lingerie, explains it's a Freudian slip, 1904. 
SUN 18	TODAY MARKS THE ONE HUNDREDTH AND TWENTY THIRD ANNIVERSARY OF THE FOUNDING OF WESTERN UNION	MON 19	Harry Schmeer wins "National Standing on Head Competition" hands down, 1948. 
TUES 20	At 3:18 today the planet Neptune will call it quits 	WED 21	King Henry II orders his jesters to work 24 hours a day so he'll always have his wits about him, 1161 
THURS 22	Marc Antony meets Cleopatra's mother, announces he's discovered the mouth of the Nile, 42 B.C. 	FRI 23	A flag bearer who goofed on the job usually sets a poor standard. 
SAT 24	Today is the first day of the rest of your life! But so was yesterday, and you didn't do anything about it then! NO, NO.	SUN 25	Sean Connery's birthday. Chums give him a worthless debenture, figuring one retired Bond deserves another.
MON 26	When two egotists meet, they generally see I to I 	TUES 27	Philadelphia Eagles added to endangered species list, 1972 
WED 28	You can tell when dogs have their early morning walks by the "do" on the grass. 	THURS 29	Today marks the 18th anniversary of Leona Grimble's first hiccup. 
FRI 30	Archaeologist Chauncey Windrush quits his job when he realizes his career is in ruins, 1933. 	SAT 31	Snow White turns on with the dwarfs at Disney World, winds up feeling Dokey, 1973. 

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

SEPTEMBER		SUN 1	Pierre LaFite, history's first Criminologist, discovers rigor mortis is a dead giveaway, 1712. 
MON 2	Martha Mitchell's birthday. Don't buy her anything for her bathroom as her John is out of order. 	TUES 3	Piccolo players picket N.Y. Philharmonic, demand a higher scale, 1955 
WED 4	Florence LaRue of midtown Manhattan named All Pro eighth year in a row, 1970. 	THURS 5	Raquel Welch's birthday. Which may explain why today is a total bust. 
FRI 6	Man who falls in blast furnace is certain to feel overwrought. 	SAT 7	Shoplifter Ina Quigley sentenced to month in jail for stealing milk store, complains she got bum wrap, 1951
SUN 8	God calls an audible at the Red Sea, sends Moses through center, 1271 B.C. 	MON 9	Vampires travel fast because they take the main arteries. 
TUES 10	Harry Houdini refuses to see visitors while working, says he's tied up for the day, 1920 	WED 11	Julius Caesar announces Rome has too many soothsayers, declares an excess prophets tax, 46 B.C. 
THURS 12	8th consecutive homely king takes Spanish throne, proving the reign in Spain falls mainly to the plain, 1871	FRI 13	Amy Twiggert changes from Maxwell House to Yuban, says she's tired of the same old grind, 1970. 
SAT 14	Book publisher turns down "Pinocchio," claiming there's too many strings attached, 1882 	SUN 15	Allegly teaches pet bird 4 letter words, is charged with contributing to the delinquency of a mynah, 1949
MON 16	Electric fans fail to work during Macy's Summer Clearance, taking the wind out of their sales, 1936. 	TUES 17	You can count on tomorrow being a day full of disasters 
WED 18	Disaster Disaster. Disaster Disaster Disaster Disaster Disaster. Disaster. Disaster. Disaster. 	THURS 19	Kennel owner Waldo Smeetz feeds dogs rotten meat, is forced to put down boxer rebel lion, 1940. 
FRI 20	Cortez pillages Montezuma's cities, enslaves his people, rapes his women, robs his gold, 1520. 	SAT 21	Montezuma invents the runs, 1520. 
SUN 22	William Schmeedle sees 9 foot high, purple striped monster in Alaska, is told it's an optical illusion, 1963	MON 23	Mickey Rooney's birthday. Don't buy him an expensive gift. Any little something will do. 
TUES 24	Bagpipe player Angus Haggis runs naked on 90th birthday, says he wanted one more highland fling, 1932 	WED 25	Harry Swagg arrives at party two hours late, discovers he's been beaten to the punch, 1950 
THURS 26	Gardner Fenwick Birnbaum loses fight against crab grass, throws in the towel, 1944. 	FRI 27	Magellan tries to sail around South America, finds himself in desperate straits, 1520 
SAT 28	Euclid discovers the zero, realizes that it's all for naught, 310 B.C. 	SUN 29	Architect Andy Mangold fails to win first prize in Fancy Home competition, settles for Honorable Mansion, 1950
MON 30	Wladimir Ziyatmk deposits three billion zlotys in Warsaw bank, sets new Pole vault record, 1927 		

OCTOBER

TUES 1	Myrtle Carstairs orders strawberries in restaurant, realizes later that it was a rash decision, 1966. 	WED 2	MAD No. 170 goes off sale. Angry newsstand dealers tell publisher they've been sold out! 
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DETOURING THE PARKS' WAY DEPT.

Each September, you can count on three sure things: The leaves will start to fall, the football season will begin, and Bert Parks will host "The Miss America Beauty Pageant." Now, there's not much we can do about the first two, but there *is* something we can do

IF OTHER CELEBRITIES HOSTED

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD

Like...BOBBY RIGGS...



Before we crown Miss America, let's put an end to the rumors that I'm a Male Chauvinist! Actually I have the highest regard for women . . .

And now . . . the finalists! The Second Runner-Up is the blonde with the wild boom-booms, Miss Massachusetts!

And the First Runner-Up is the bimbo from Denver . . . Miss Colorado! You got fantastic legs, honey!

Which means Miss America is that great hunk of stuff from Nevada—Flossie May Greebleman!

So put on that big empty grin of yours, swing your torso down the runway and don't mind if the guys up front paw you a little! That's what your body is for! Meanwhile, I'll sing:

*Hello, girlie!
Well, hello, girlie!
We all groove your Miss America routine!
You've grabbed the plum, girlie,
'Cause you're dumb, girlie—
Not some screechin' libber preachin' like she's Billie Jean!

Don't sing or act, girlie!
Just stay stacked, girlie,
It's your body not your talent we applaud,
So—
Wiggle that stuff, girlie!
Hang in there tough, girlie!
Girlie, you're the country's fav'rite broad!



* Sung to the tune of "Hello, Dolly"



about Bert Parks. Mainly, we can replace him (and while we're at it, that idiotic "There She Is . . . Miss America!" song) with someone more interesting. Anybody would be an improvement, as you will see in this next article which shows what could happen . . .

"THE MISS AMERICA PAGEANT"

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

And...JANE FONDA...



Our Third Runner-Up is Miss Illinois . obviously a pawn of Mayor Daley and his gang of Chicago Blackshirts!

Our Second Runner-Up is Miss West Virginia, a typical product of the System, who stands there, smirking, while thousands of people in her State are dying of malnutrition!

Our First Runner-Up is Miss Utah! The bathing suit she's wearing costs twice as much as the average weekly wage of a persecuted Navajo!

And here she is . . . Miss America . . . Betty Lou Bibble, Miss Kansas . . . whose father's tax dollars contribute to the U.S. policy of Imperialistic genocide which has taken the lives of half a million peace-loving Viet Cong guerillas!

Now, get out there and do your little goose step, you pig, while I sing . . .

*The winner we're choosing, it's clear to see, Exemplifies fascist hy-poc-ri-sy! Her beauty we revere, While oppressed migrant workers go hungry each year!

We sing out her praises and cheer her on, While murdering thugs run the Pentagon! Her we're naming And acclaiming While Cambodian peasants we're maiming!

A tool Nixon's using! The winner we're choosing Will be!



* Sung to the tune of "The Girl That I Marry"

WED BEHIND THE YEARS DEPT.

YOU KNOW YOU MARRIED MUCH TOO YOUNG/O

YOU KNOW YOU MARRIED A GAL WHO'S MUCH TOO YOUNG FOR YOU WHEN...



... the band she picked for your Wedding refuses to play a Waltz.

YOU KNOW YOU MARRIED A GUY WHO'S MUCH TOO OLD FOR YOU WHEN...



... he objects to what you grow in your garden.

YOU KNOW YOU MARRIED A GAL WHO'S MUCH TOO YOUNG FOR YOU WHEN...



... your Manhood and Patriotism are questioned ... just because you happen to be driving her car to work one day.

YOU KNOW YOU MARRIED A GUY WHO'S MUCH TOO OLD FOR YOU WHEN...



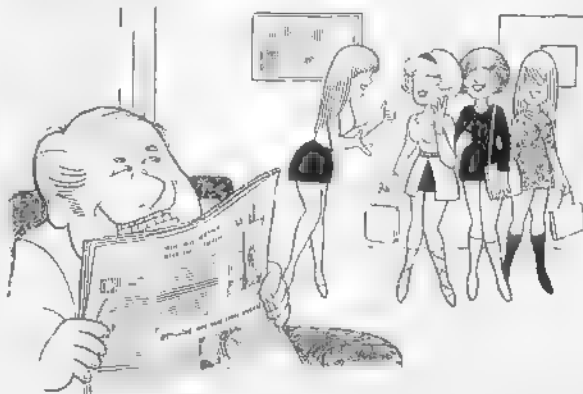
... he's constantly upset ... having to explain that you're his Wife, not his Daughter, dammit!

YOU KNOW YOU MARRIED A GAL WHO'S MUCH TOO YOUNG FOR YOU WHEN...



... you come home from a hard day to find that dinner isn't ready ... but she's learned three new Folk Songs.

YOU KNOW YOU MARRIED A GUY WHO'S MUCH TOO OLD FOR YOU WHEN...



... he stays home on his Bowling night because he knows that a bunch of your friends are coming over.

MARRIED A GAL/GUY WHO'S OLD FOR YOU WHEN...

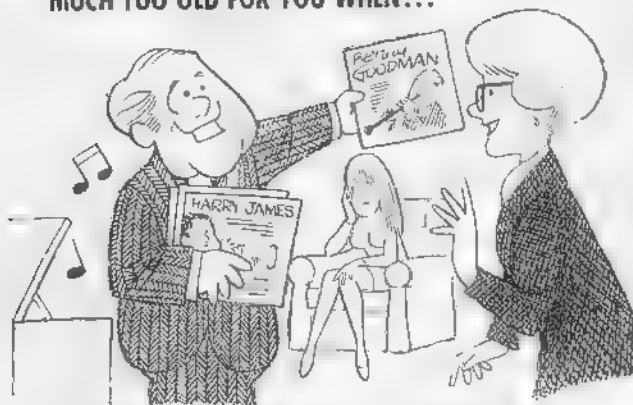
ARTIST & WRITER: LLOYD GOLA

**YOU KNOW YOU MARRIED A GAL WHO'S
MUCH TOO YOUNG FOR YOU WHEN...**



... the clock-radio is always set on her station.

**YOU KNOW YOU MARRIED A GUY WHO'S
MUCH TOO OLD FOR YOU WHEN...**



... he's got more in common with your Mother than with you.

**YOU KNOW YOU MARRIED A GAL WHO'S
MUCH TOO YOUNG FOR YOU WHEN...**



... you're studying the wine list in a very plush restaurant, and she asks you to order a bottle of "Boone's Farm Strawberry Hill"

**YOU KNOW YOU MARRIED A GUY WHO'S
MUCH TOO OLD FOR YOU WHEN...**



... you have to shovel the snow, because he's afraid that it would be a strain on his heart

**YOU KNOW YOU MARRIED A GAL WHO'S
MUCH TOO YOUNG FOR YOU WHEN...**



... in an effort to share her interests, you attend your very first Rock Concert ... and you find that the fans are a bunch of loud-mouthed, obnoxious, screaming morons.

**YOU KNOW YOU MARRIED A GUY WHO'S
MUCH TOO OLD FOR YOU WHEN...**



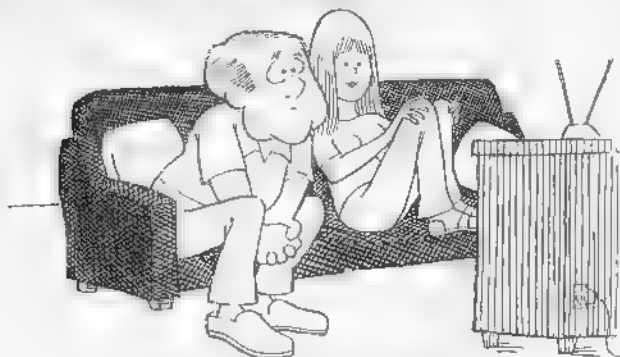
... in an effort to share his interests, you attend your very first Pro Football game ... and find that the fans are a bunch of loud-mouthed, obnoxious, screaming morons

YOU KNOW YOU MARRIED A GAL WHO'S MUCH TOO YOUNG FOR YOU WHEN...



... she bugs you to quit smoking so you won't get cancer.

YOU KNOW YOU MARRIED A GAL WHO'S MUCH TOO YOUNG FOR YOU WHEN...



... you actually start to care what happens on "The Partridge Family."

YOU KNOW YOU MARRIED A GAL WHO'S MUCH TOO YOUNG FOR YOU WHEN...



... you invite your Boss and his Wife over for dinner, and she serves McDonald's "Big Macs."

YOU KNOW YOU MARRIED A GAL WHO'S MUCH TOO YOUNG FOR YOU WHEN...



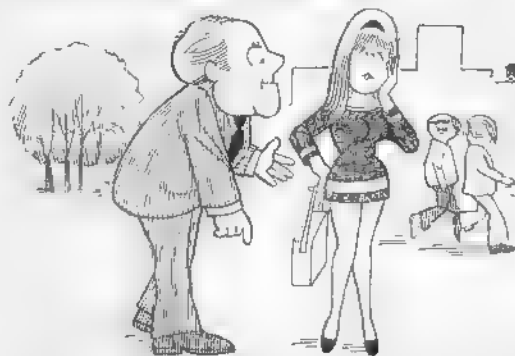
... you throw a house party ... and it turns out to be a confrontation between your friends and that idiot generation.

YOU KNOW YOU MARRIED A GUY WHO'S MUCH TOO OLD FOR YOU WHEN...



... he bugs you to quit smoking so you won't get busted.

YOU KNOW YOU MARRIED A GUY WHO'S MUCH TOO OLD FOR YOU WHEN...



... he informs you that you can no longer wear those short dresses that used to turn him on when you were just dating.

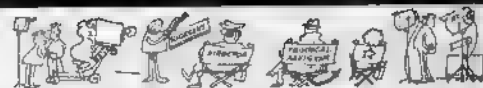
YOU KNOW YOU MARRIED A GUY WHO'S MUCH TOO OLD FOR YOU WHEN...



... you have your first argument because he refuses to take you to a real "fun place" on your vacation.

YOU KNOW YOU MARRIED A GUY WHO'S MUCH TOO OLD FOR YOU WHEN...





There is one gnawing suspicion that begins to grow within everyone who has spent a few days in a hospital. It's that vague feeling that the members of the staff are engaged in a giant conspiracy of indifference, incompetence and inhumanity calculated to make patients suffer as much aggravation, worry and discomfort as possible. Of course, there never has been any proof to substantiate a claim that hospitals deliberately set out to make us feel more miserable than necessary for longer than necessary. At least . . . until now! By accident, MAD has come into possession of a damaging little booklet that no layman is ever supposed to see. For the satisfaction (and possible legal use) of those who have suffered the slings and arrows of outrageous hospitalization, we herewith reprint a part of the diabolical pamphlet that confirms even our wildest suspicions.

GHOULISH MEDICAL CORP.

1974 HOSPITAL SUPPLY CATALOGUE



FOR THE HEALING PROFESSIONS ONLY
Sales to Laymen Absolutely Forbidden

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

WRITER: TOM KOCH

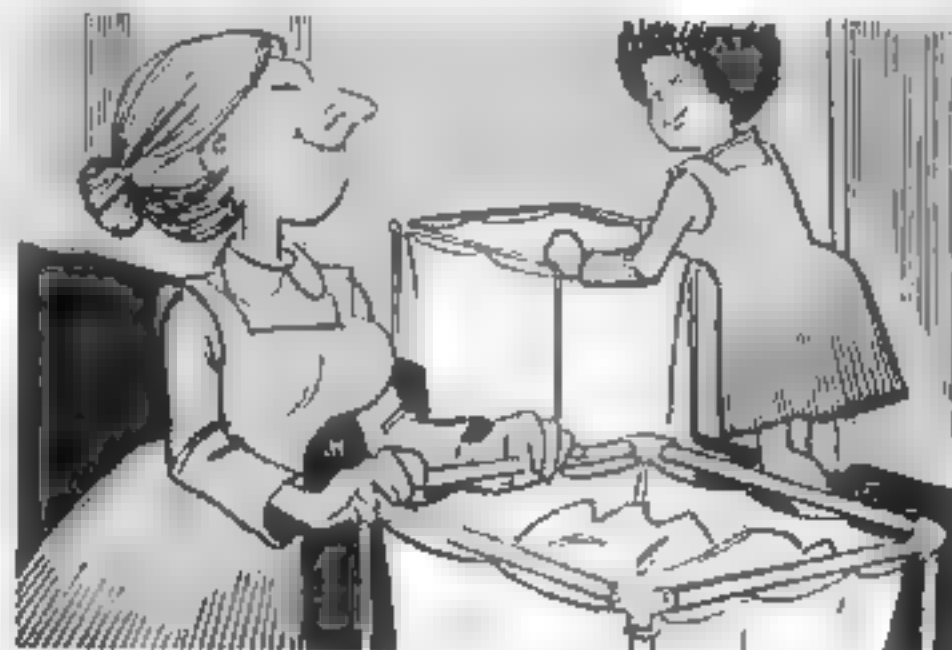


SIMULATED GALLSTONES. There's never a need to fear that unnecessary gall bladder surgery may lead to malpractice suits when you keep a supply of these convincing fakes on hand to show victims afterward. Made of finest hand polished gravel, and then pickled in brine to give them that authentic "medical" look.

374—"PICKLED PEBBLE" BRAND PHONY GALLSTONES . \$2.69 quart
(Specify color desired: Sickly Grey, Bloody Red, Festered Yellow)

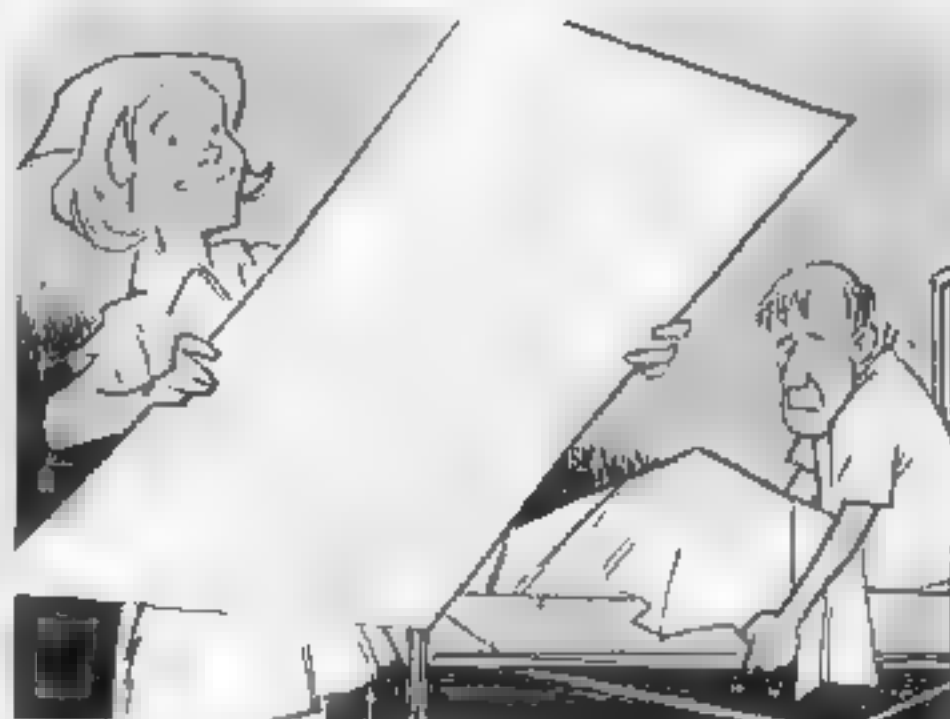
MAKE PATIENTS THINK YOU SUPPLY CLEAN BED LINEN REGULARLY with a dazzling display of our finest new laundry bag carts. Even the most skeptical will never guess that you merely rip dirty sheets off one bed and put them on another when they see hallways filled with these rubber-tired, sanitary looking beauties.

921—DIRTY-LINEN-IN-PUBLIC CARTS . \$49.95 dozen
921A—SAME, BUT WITH CAST IRON WHEELS FOR NIGHT USE . \$69.95 dozen



STIFF, STARCHED BED SHEETS. Supplement patient agony with bed sores induced by lying on these rigid beauties. Specially made for hospital use of coarse, bleached hemp fiber. Permanent starch will never weaken, even in institutions that launder their linen occasionally.

273—PATENTED "FLESHSCRAPER" BRAND BED SHEETS \$3.50 ea.



CANNED FLOOR SWEEPINGS IN CREAM SAUCE. The ideal hospital food budget stretch-er. Thick, gooey texture makes this crud look just like those unidentifiable vegetables you've been serving to inmates all along, yet it costs much less than real food. Guaranteed to silence complaints about greasy veal cutlets and dry harvard beets, which will suddenly taste rather good by comparison.

781—CREAMED FLOOR SWEEPINGS (No. 2 Cans) \$7.75 per gross



RECONDITIONED AMBULANCE SIREN.

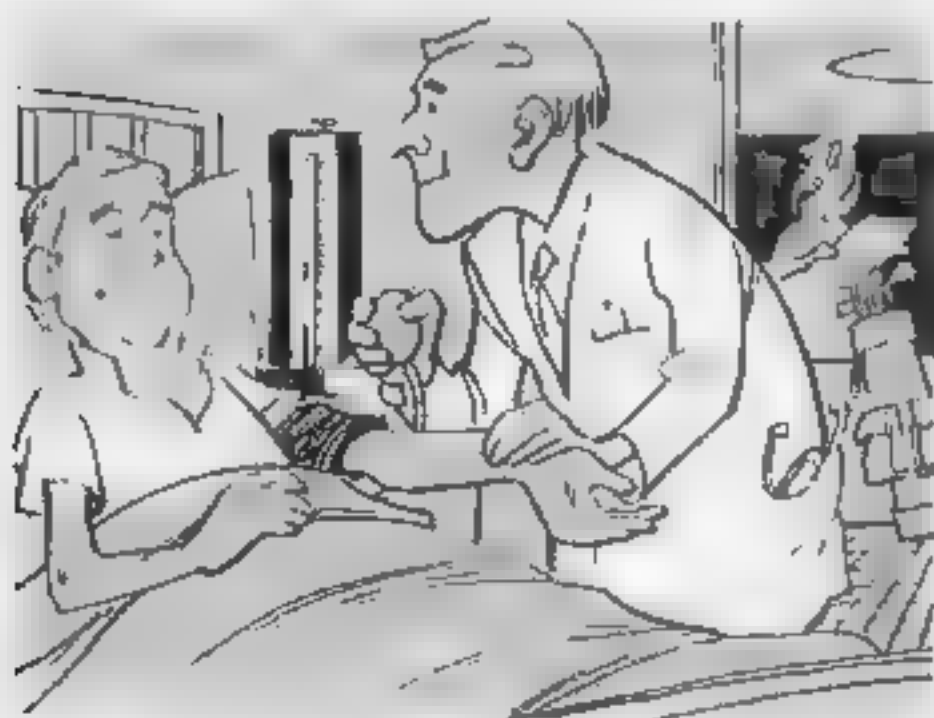
Why spend thousands on a whole ambulance just to awaken sleeping patients with those fake 3 A.M. emergency runs? Create the same jarring effect cheaply by having a night janitor run around the building with one of these authentic sirens. All were removed from real ambulances to conform with new noise pollution laws, and are on sale at discount for quick clearance.

877—"SCREAMING EAGLE"
AMBULANCE SIREN . . . \$27.50



REVERSIBLE HOSPITAL GOWNS. There's no cause for alarm when patients accidentally put these shapeless draw-string creations on backwards, as each is guaranteed to leave something embarrassing exposed no matter how it is worn. Available in all popular styles: Wide gap, Wider gap and Falling off completely.

616—DOUBLE EXPOSURE
HOSPITAL GOWNS . . . \$7.35 dozen



BLOOD PRESSURE GAUGE IS REALLY A BAROMETER! Amazing device enables doctors to pretend they are examining patients while actually checking weather conditions for afternoon golf game. Precision mechanism foretells rain, hurricanes, monsoons and most other natural phenomena, except death from high blood pressure.

347—GOLFER'S PAL MEDICAL
BAROMETER \$19.95

347A—DELUXE MODEL
AUTOGRAPHED BY
JACK NICKLAUS \$24.95



FAKE INTRAVENOUS FEEDING EQUIPMENT. Ideal for hospitals that get lots of complaints about serving creamed chipped beef twice a day. Just wheel one of those authentic looking outfits into a room and watch patients eagerly gobble whatever they're served. Made of inexpensive cardboard and plastic, but comes with extra long needle to let inmates know what's in store for them if they refuse to eat.

814—INTIMIDATING INTRAVENOUS
OUTFIT . . . \$9.75 per set



MIRACLE CHILL RUBBING ALCOHOL. Thanks to modern science, back rubs can now be as excruciating as everything else done to people in your hospital. Amazing new ingredient (dry ice) keeps this alcohol at least 80 degrees below body temperature, even on hottest summer days. Helps maintain patient discipline by making a rub-down a feared torture rather than an enjoyable reward.

5516—MIRACLE CHILL ALCOHOL \$1.19 per gallon



TURN DEADBEAT VISITORS INTO PAYING PATIENTS by polishing your hospital floors with Slide-Glo Wax. Buffs vinyl surface to a slippery shine that helps you quickly fill up those vacant beds with fracture victims. Yet Slide-Glo leaves floors completely safe for staff members, assuming you've outfitted them with deck shoes.

944—SLIDE-GLO HOSPITAL FLOOR WAX \$31.50 per drum



METAL TRAYS WITH CONCAVE BOT-TOMS create up to 45 decibels more racket when dropped on hospital floors in the middle of the night. Extra resonance can awaken patients over a three-floor area. Especially good for causing relapses in cardiac wards. Made of finest galvanized steel by the Greater Sheboygan Kettle Drum & Hospital Tray Corp.

364—"BIG BANG" BRAND HOSPITAL TRAYS . . . \$11.50 dozen



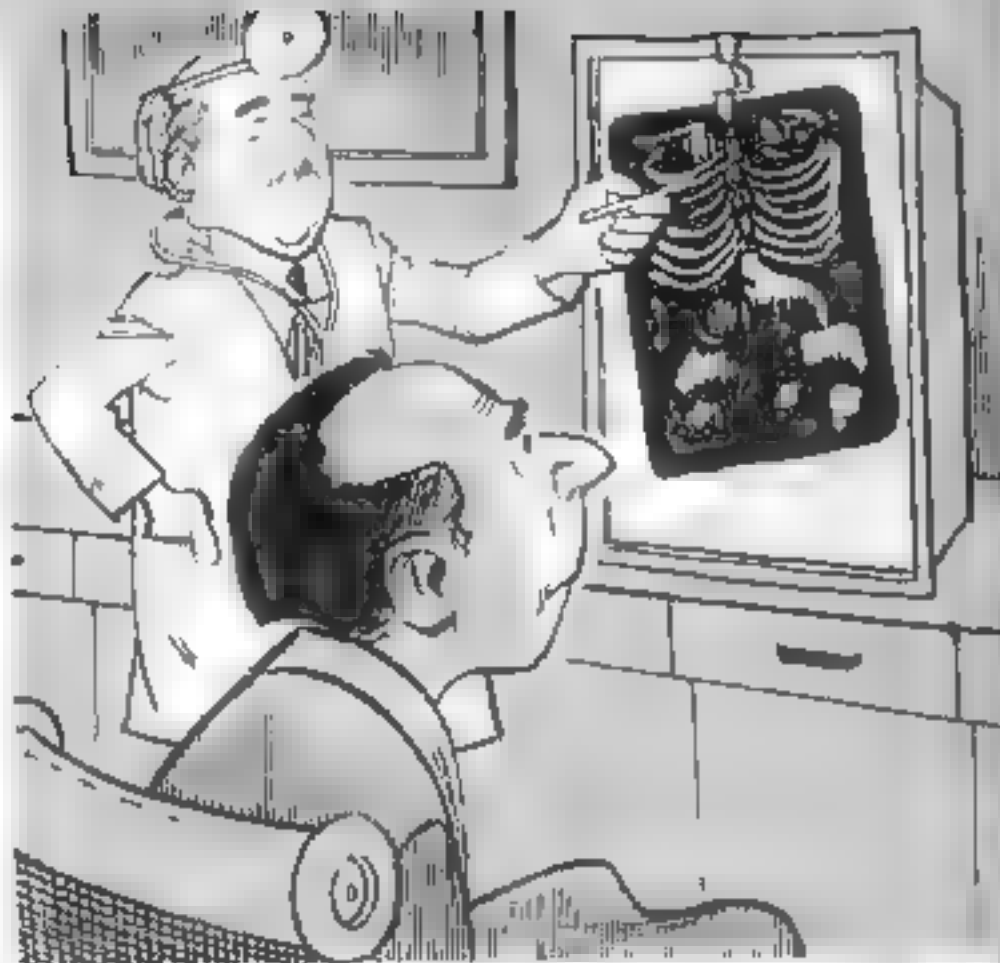
SILENCE WHIMPERS ABOUT HIGH MEDICAL COSTS with these authentic looking plaques that proclaim how generous others have been. Heartfelt messages could even prompt neurotic, guilt ridden patients to pay more than they owe. Most important, your cost of plaques to acknowledge tax deductible gifts may be tax deductible, too.

57932—BRONZE WALL PLAQUES \$29.95 ea.
6—PAPER PLAQUES APPEALING FOR DONATIONS TO BUY BRONZE PLAQUES 29¢ ea.



INACCURATE SCALES help convince puny patients that they're slipping away even faster than they thought. Precision magnetic device automatically deducts ten pounds from true body weight to bring on quick relapse, even among those who are actually recovering.

465—INSTANT EMACIATION SCALES \$39.50



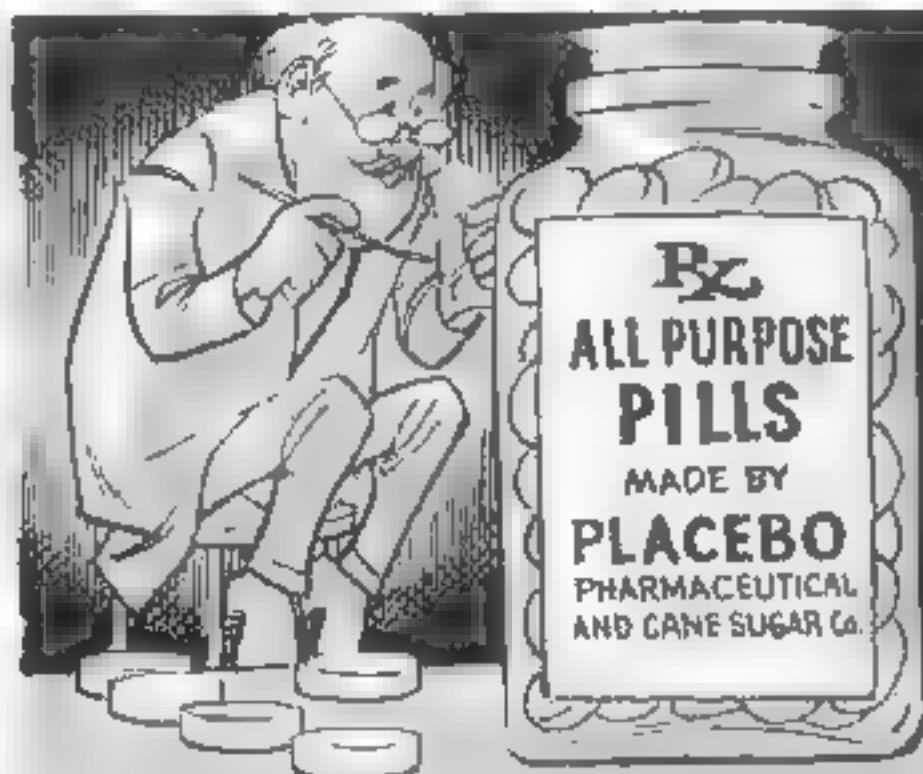
LET SECOND HAND X-RAYS CONVINCE YOUR PATIENTS of the urgent need for surgery. Laymen never recognize their own X-rays anyway, so why cut into your profit by taking new pictures that may cost as much as \$2.50 each to produce? We have made a bargain purchase of the complete files of a bankrupt radiologist, and pass the savings along to you.

114—ASSORTED BONE AND INTERNAL ORGAN X-RAYS \$1.60 dozen



KEEP VISITORS FROM USING YOUR ELEVATORS with a set of catchy, discouraging door signs. No hospital wants mobs of raunchy relatives going upstairs to annoy staff members with complaints about treatment of loved ones. Forcing them to use steep stairways discourages up to 80% of unwanted visitors from trying to get off the ground.

465—ASSORTED ELEVATOR DISCOURAGEMENT SIGNS \$1.50 dozen



TREAT ANYTHING WITH MIRACULOUS NEW BRIGHTLY COLORED PILLS. Are you discovering that old fashioned white sugar pills can only be palmed off on patients as aspirin? Then step up into the big profit pharmaceutical field now with sugar pills containing the new wonder ingredient, vegetable coloring. Available in Antibiotic Blue, Tranquilizer Yellow and Pain Deadening Pink.

517—STRICTLY NON-PRESCRIPTION MIRACLE DRUGS \$11.50 per 10,000



BOTTOM SHOCKER BED PAN. Heavy gauge steel construction keeps this deluxe pan horrendously cold for hours after removal from refrigerated stockroom. Nurses and orderlies will have a barrel of laughs watching unsuspecting victims react as warm flesh adheres to frigid metal. Especially good for awakening patients to give them their sleeping pills.

**519—"ARCTIC TAILS"
BED PANS**

\$13.50 dozen

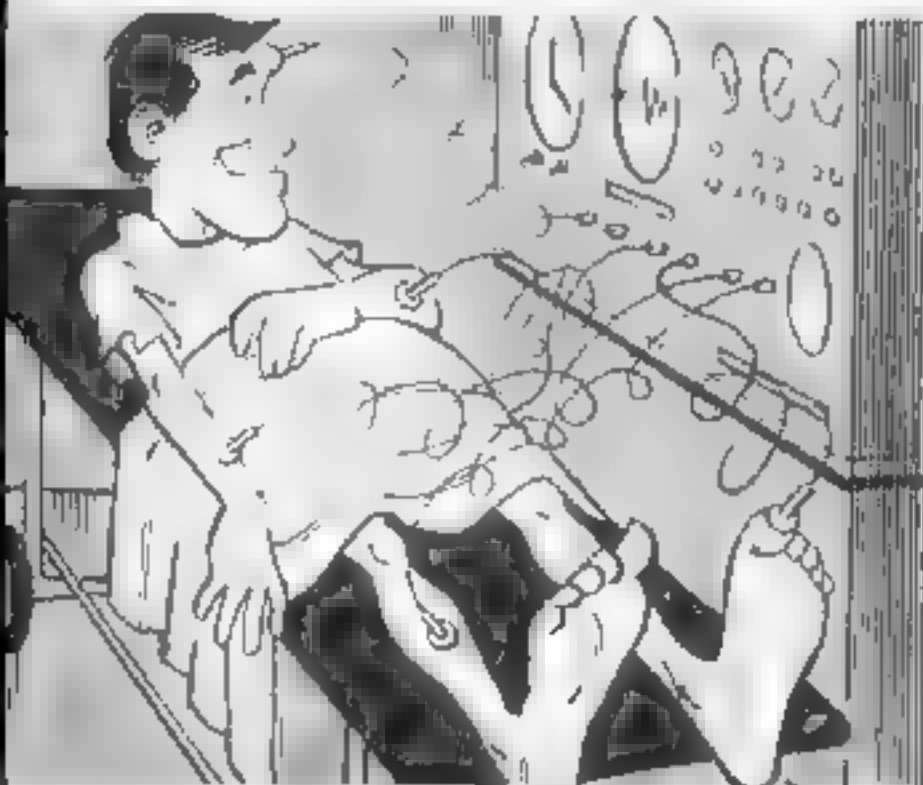
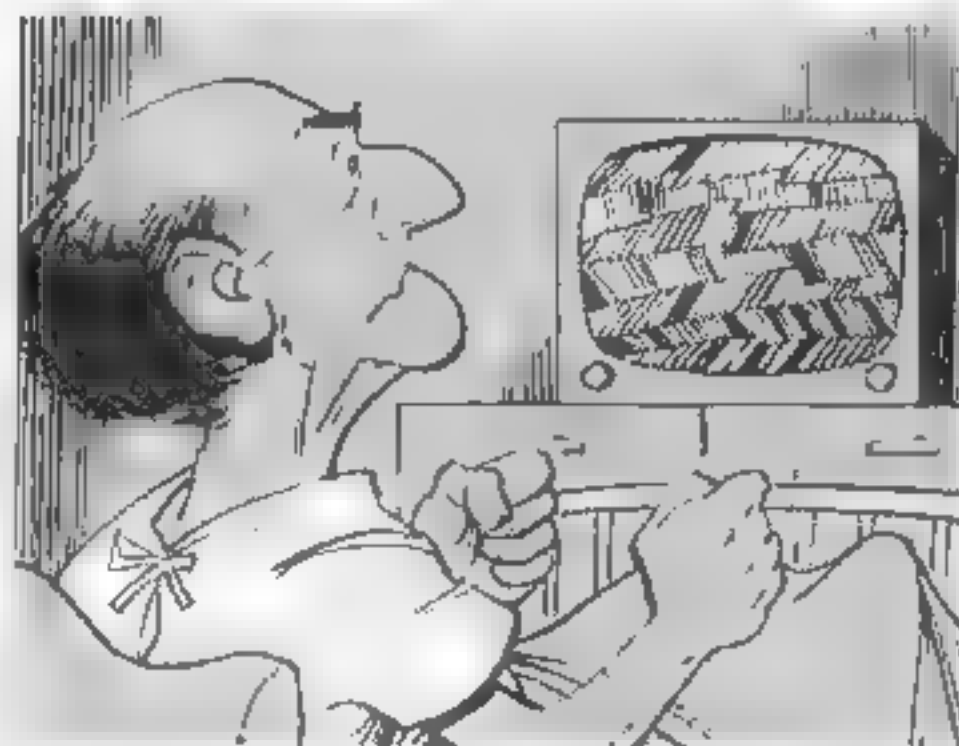
INCREDIBLE SAVINGS ON SOLID GLASS FEVER THERMOMETERS! It's the mercury in standard thermometers that runs up the cost, so we've left it out of these! Quite adequate for hospital use since nurses never allow patients to see what their temperature is, and merely take it hourly to appear efficient. Save big money on these glass rods that feel like the real thing when shoved under the tongue.

**791—SWIZZLE STICKS SIMILAR TO
FEVER THERMOMETERS 9¢ ea.**



SPECIALLY DESIGNED RENTAL TV SETS. Constant picture flopover drives bedfast patients ape. That's why these hospital rental models were made with weak "Vertical Hold" mechanisms to discourage their use by those who can't get up to make frequent adjustments. Patients beg for sets to be turned off to preserve their sanity, but you continue collecting daily rental fee while saving vital electricity.

**885—UTTERLY MADDENING
TELEVISION** **\$99.50**
(Available only in black and white, but nobody will notice.)



DIAGNOSTIC PROFILE DATA READ-OUT MACHINE. Nicely equipped with 327 blinking lights, recorded clicking and whirring sounds, plus full set of electrodes for attachment to patients. Basic machine does nothing in particular, but computer unit (optional at extra cost) can be programmed to make out staff payroll checks while patient thinks he is getting vital heart and respiration tests.

**3941—DIAGNOSTIC PROFILE DATA
READ-OUT MACHINE \$495**
**3942—DE LUXE MACHINE WITH
COMPUTER UNIT \$100,495**

BUZZER RESPONSE TAPE RECORDING ends nuisance of answering patients' calls for service with live nurses. Cassette tape features a variety of reassuring recorded messages for broadcast over hospital inter-com system. Sincere feminine voice is guaranteed to keep patients pacified until they grow too weak to press buzzer or lapse into unconsciousness.

987—ANGEL OF MERCY RECORDING
(30-minute Cassette) \$2.98



INTENSE BEAM PHYSICIAN'S LIGHT. As a medical person, only you know what you're hunting for when you shine that bright light in a patient's eyes. You're hunting for money and valuables in his pockets while he is blinded by the glare. New ultra-penetrating light gives you as much as five extra minutes of danger-free rummaging time

699—LONG BLINDING MEDICAL EXAMINATION LIGHT . . . \$17.50
(Long lasting medical batteries not included)

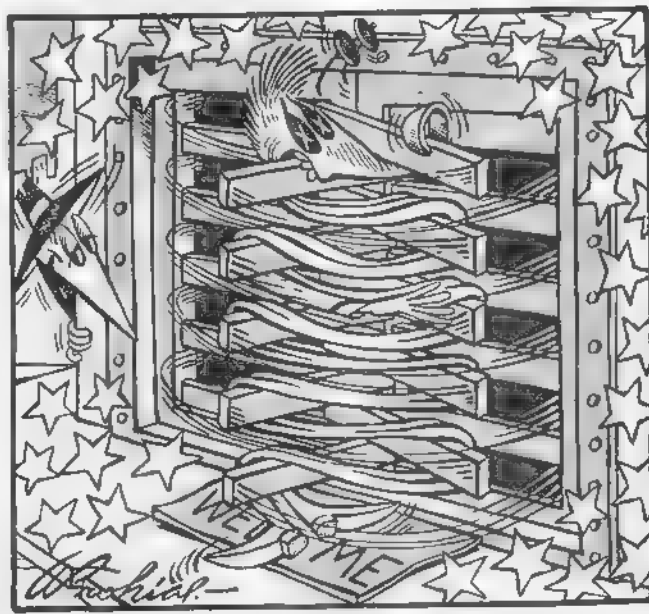
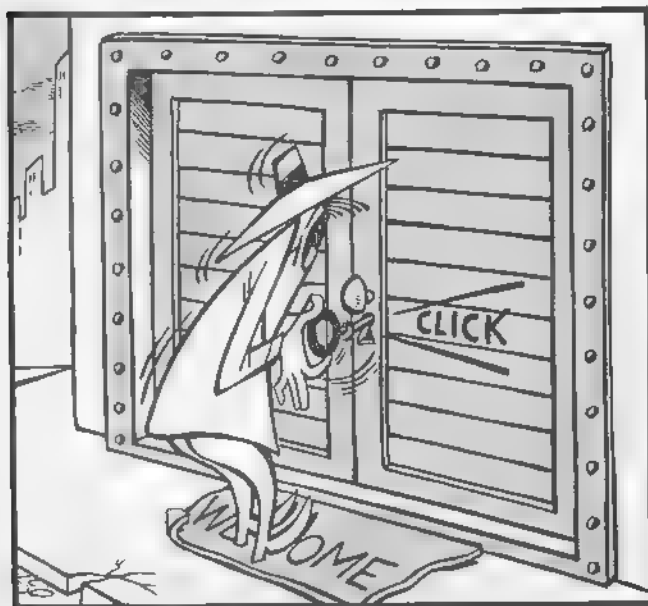
COARSE, SCRATCHY BATHROOM TISSUE. Among sick people, even minor discomfort can build up to the kind of nagging pain that lengthens a hospital stay. This low quality, abrasive tissue quickly makes patients dread "answering nature's call," yet it costs no more than ordinary soft textured brands sold for home use.

116—AGONIZING BATHROOM TISSUE \$1.89 dozen rolls



"LOK-TITE" BEDSIDE GUARD RAILS. End worry about nosy patients sneaking out into halls at night and discovering that your nurses' stations are all unstaffed after 9 P.M. These sturdy steel rails keep inmates in bed where they belong. High enough that efforts to climb out over the top will only result in nasty falls requiring longer hospitalization.

VIRTUALLY ESCAPE-PROOF BEDSIDE GUARD RAILS \$12.95 pair
COMPLETELY ESCAPE-PROOF ELECTRIFIED RAILS \$79.50 pair

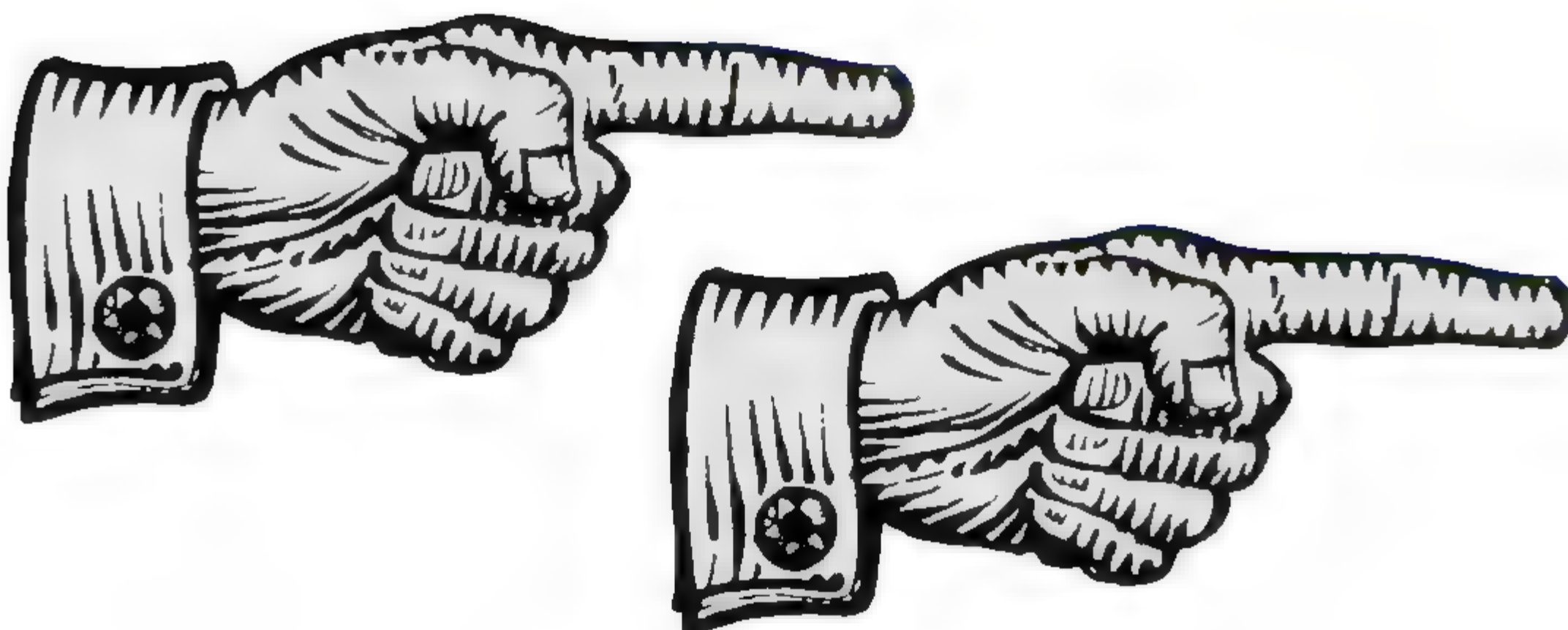


FROM THE PAGES OF
 60 MINUTES
 WITH THE
 1991
 1991
 1991



Nothing to see here!

Please skip ahead.



BUTTERFLY McQUEEN DEPT.

There's a hit movie making the rounds that advertises itself as "The Greatest Adventure Story Ever Told!" Well, we may not exactly agree with that, but we will admit it's "The **DUMBEST** Adventure Story Ever Told!" We're referring, of course, to the movie about that man who had a simply unbelievable life! And that's how we feel about it! We simply don't believe it! But we do know one thing! It was so nauseating, so disgusting, so stomach-turning . . . that we bought, but never got to eat our

POOL

Gee, it's nice of them to give us these little bowls of water to wash our hands in!

That's today's meal, idiot! It's **SOUP!!**

Hey! Aren't you Lous! Engraver . . . the famous Defense Bond counterfeiter?

Yes, I made the best counterfeit Defense Bonds in history . . . except for one little error! I spelled "France" with an "S" instead of a "C"!

I understand you have a lot of money with you, but since they inspect us so thoroughly, it's hidden where I think it's hidden!

Well, let's put it this way! If I should happen to get the "runs" right now, you'd be a very rich man!

But every other convict on this ship knows you're loaded! You need protection!

Listen . . . when I think I need protection, I'll ASK for it—



PICORN

ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES

WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

And I think that **NOW** is the time to ask! Uh . . . for protecting me, what do you want in return?

Money . . . to finance my escape plans!

Okay! I agree! Anything else?

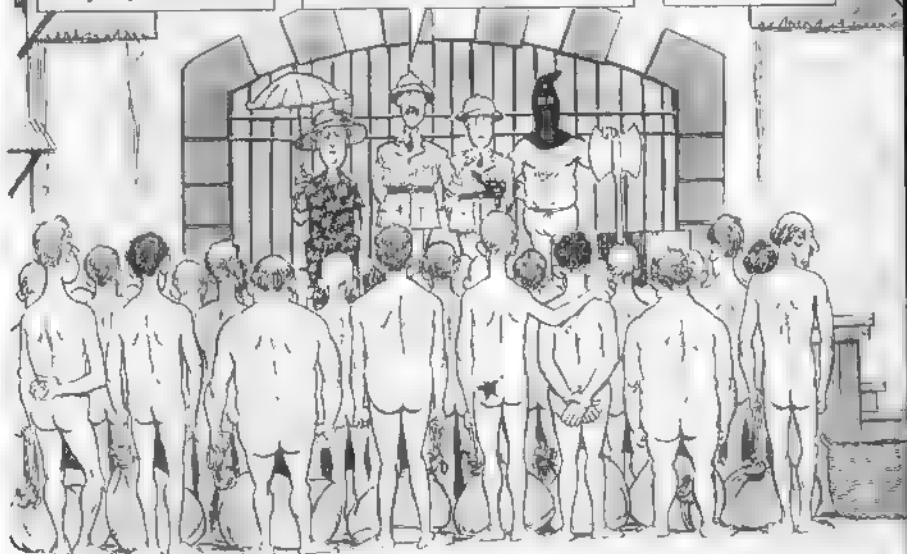
Yeah! I want the money **WASHED** before you give it to me!



Welcome to the prison of St. Guinea Pigs! Don't expect it to be as pleasant here as that "Luxury Cruise" you just took!

This prison is "Escape-Proof!" But, should you try . . . for a first attempt, we'll add 25 years to your sentence! For a second attempt, we'll add 100 years! Any further attempts, and we'll start to get tough!

Now . . . before I say, "About Face!", put on your uniforms! We're trying to keep this a PG picture!



Ah! Mr. Lousi Engraver! The rumor mill has it that you're up to your ears in money!

That's close!

For a small sum, you could stay here and have a real cushy job! Like cutting stones to fit the pillowcases in the cells!

I couldn't help over-hearing . . . especially since I was eavesdropping! So **YOU'RE THE Lousi Engraver!**

That's him! And I'm his friend!!

My family lost everything they owned buying your counterfeit Defense Bonds! The ones with "Long Live Franse!" on them! And you're his **FRIEND**?

Should avoid acquaintance! Be forgot, and never—



We I, I have special jobs for both of you! **TIDYING UP . . .!**

Oh, that sounds pretty nice!

... A **SWAMP!!**



We don't assign anyone "Swamp Duty" until he's had a thorough Medical Examination! But I can tell merely by looking at you men that you're all in great shape!

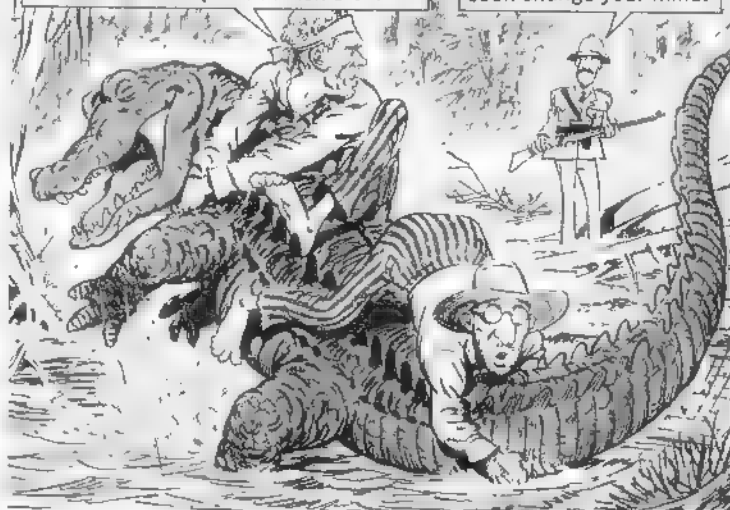
If those two are in **GREAT** shape, I'd sure love to see what you consider to be in just **GOOD** shape!

I could **SHOW** you, but we just buried 'em this morning!



This sure is some crocodile infested, mosquito-laden, God-forsaken, dismal hell hole of a place... isn't it?!

Well, **EVERYBODY** loves it at first! But you'll soon change your mind!



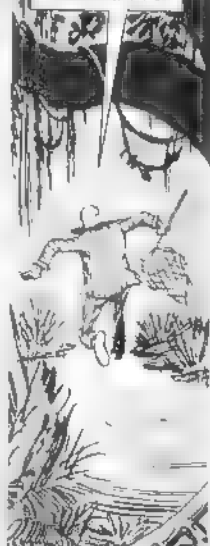
Did some convict go mad... and now they're chasing him with those butterfly nets?

No, they're chasing **REAL BUTTERFLIES!** The guards make extra money selling them to me! I pay twenty cents a ton! Here! Take a net and try it! See if you can catch a few million!

Thanks! I know where I can catch plenty! On the French Riviera!

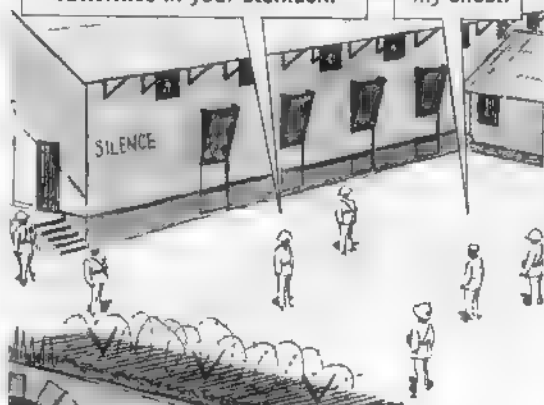


See you guys around...

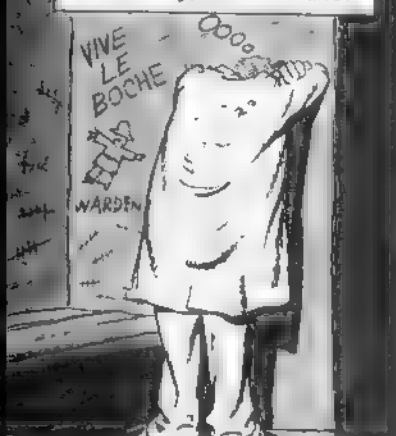


For trying to escape, you have been assigned to this **Maximum Penalty Prison!** Here, we will break you, both physically and mentally! You'll be starved—degraded—until you develop cobwebs in your brain... and butterflies in your stomach!

Can I be excused from that last part? I already have one on my chest!



They won't break me! There's plenty I can do in this cold, damp, smelly, tiny unit cell! I can walk a lot! I can think a lot! I can exercise a lot! And mainly, I can **CRY** a lot!



Here is your first meal

A moldy, rancid potato... and half a dead mouse?!? Is the food **ALWAYS** like this?

No! Lucky for you it's **Bastille Day!**



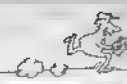
Boy! I've been here for seventeen months, and my mind is still as sharp as a tack!

It's a good thing I've got my wits...

And my doggie... And my froggie...

And my dollie... And my goo-goo...





Here's your dinner! There's a little extra in it today!

It's a note from Engraver! And look what he sent! Real Meat! A plate of real meat!!

Oh, my God, I can't believe it! Sob—sob! I can't believe it's liver! I HATE liver!!



All right! Tell me! Who's been sending you the fresh liver??

I wish I KNEW! I'd like them to switch to something ELSE!

You won't talk, eh? Well, I'm putting you in total darkness for a year, and I'm cutting your rations in half!

That's okay with me! I could use some dieting! I was getting as fat as a RAIL, anyway!

Personally, I thought you would crack by now from this awful treatment!

Well, I've had plenty of practice! I was MARRIED for 15 years!!



Here's dinner!

Bread and roaches?! That's DINNER?

So?? Don't you LIKE bread and roaches?

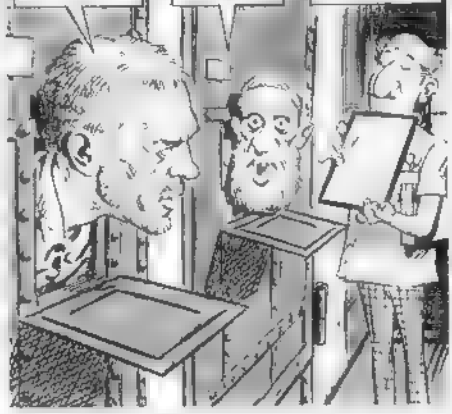
I LOVE bread and roaches! But that's what I had for lunch!



Psst! Hey! Old man! Why are we sticking our heads out of our cells like this?

They're giving us haircuts! To get rid of the LICE!!

WHAT!?! Well, I don't want a haircut! I've been EATING my lice... for dessert!



I will not go crazy!

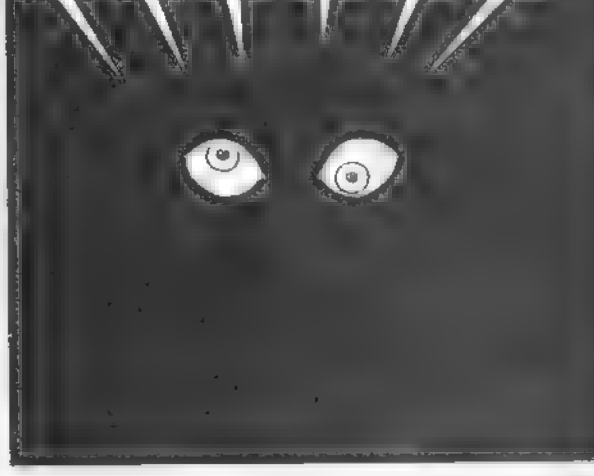
I will not go crazy!

I will not go crazy!

Not crazy I will go!

Will go crazy I not!

Go will not I crazy!



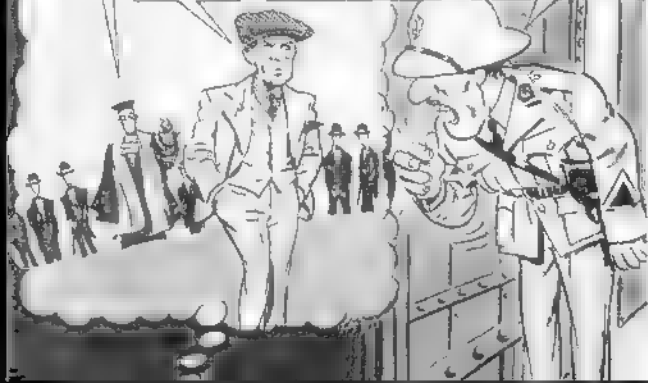
I accuse you of a wasted life! You have done nothing constructive! And that also includes making this movie!

Hey, you! Cut out that entertainment in there!

WHAT entertainment?

GUilty!!

This is a Maximum Penalty Prison!! That means we don't allow any daydreaming!!



Give me the name of the person who sent you that liver... and I'll have you put back on full rations!

That's some incentive! You think I'd rather have TWO ounces of maggot-infested slop than ONE...?

Look who's complaining about the food we serve! Since YOU came here, our Prison Exterminator quit! You EAT everything that walks, crawls and slithers in this place!



It's great seeing you again, Poppy! The rest seems to have done you good! And the fact that you never gave them my name has told me a lot about you, my friend!

No, that you're **STUPID!** So, now that you've been put through hell for trying to escape, what are you going to do?

One thing I've got to say for you, Poppy! You're a **SLOW LEARNER!**

What? That I'm brave?

Try to escape!

I was told by someone that you might be able to give me a hand—

Don't ever say, "give me a hand" here! This is a **Leper Colony!**

Okay! We will give you a boat so you can escape and get caught yet another time . . . if you pass a small test!

This test is to see how much we disgust you! Here! Puff my cigar . . .



You are a very brave man to take the cigar from the mouth of a hideous-looking Leper, and smoke it!

Well, I figured it can't be any worse than the cockroaches and beetles and spiders and maggots and worms and centipedes and slugs that I've eaten!

You—you've—choke—**EATEN** those things!? Take the boat and—gagg—**GO!** Boy, are you **DISGUSTING!!**



H-how did I get here—a primitive Central American Indian camp? And where are all my friends . . . the men that I escaped with?

Well, if you'd like me to go back and explain, it'll take another six pages of this **MAD** satire!

No, thanks! I really think I've **SUFFERED ENOUGH** already!



May I stay?

Can I have a butterfly like that?

Sure! Can I have a woman like that?



Well, Poppy! My people and I have shown you a fantastic time! We have given you food, drink, clothes, even a fortune in pearls! What **ELSE** can we do for you?

You can all **DISAPPEAR**—be **GONE** when I wake up tomorrow!

But, **WHY?!!**

Because this is Paradise, and I just can't stand all this constant **NO SUFFERING!**





In exchange for Sister Snow White's helping you through the checkpoint, you have given me your pearls to feed the poor! So, I in turn, have done something for you! I've called for the soldiers to take you back!

When you finish your prison sentence, you can come and visit us again! Just ask anyone for directions to the Sisters of Judas Convent!

Boy, that's some thanks I get! Just see if I ever play "Bingo" again!



Lousi! Lousi Engraver! It's ME! Poppy!! I'm back ... after another ten years in solitary!

Please! No stories about eating roaches and lizards and ...

No, Lousi! I'm a Vegetarian now! I eat moss and slime and mold!



Well, now that you're back ... what are you going to do?

ESCAPE!!

I figured as much! But it is impossible to escape from Devil's Island!

No, it's not! The answer is coconuts!

Poppy, I think you're bananas!

No ... I think my COCONUTS!!



Are you coming with me, my friend?

No, I'm going to wait for my wife and lawyer to get me out! Oh, the misery those two have known! How they miss me! They miss me so much, they've had to live together and spend all my money, consoling each other!



Well, Lousi, the nuts are all in the water!

All except the Head Nut!

I know! We really had a lot of laughs together!

Try to keep your MIND as sharp as mine!

I will, Poppy!

And maybe one night, I'll drift back here ... and we'll go BOWLING or something!

Oh, yeah! Your mind as as sharp as ever!

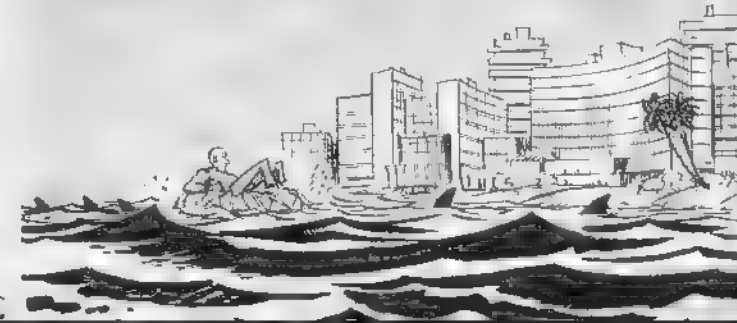
GOODBYYYYYYYYY

After months at sea. Popcorn made it to shore, and back to France!

And now ... perhaps you are saying to yourself, "I could never have endured such punishment!"

Well ... you underestimate yourself! After all, you saw the movie—which was a prison term in itself ...

... and then you made it through this satire! See? You're an even braver person than you thought!



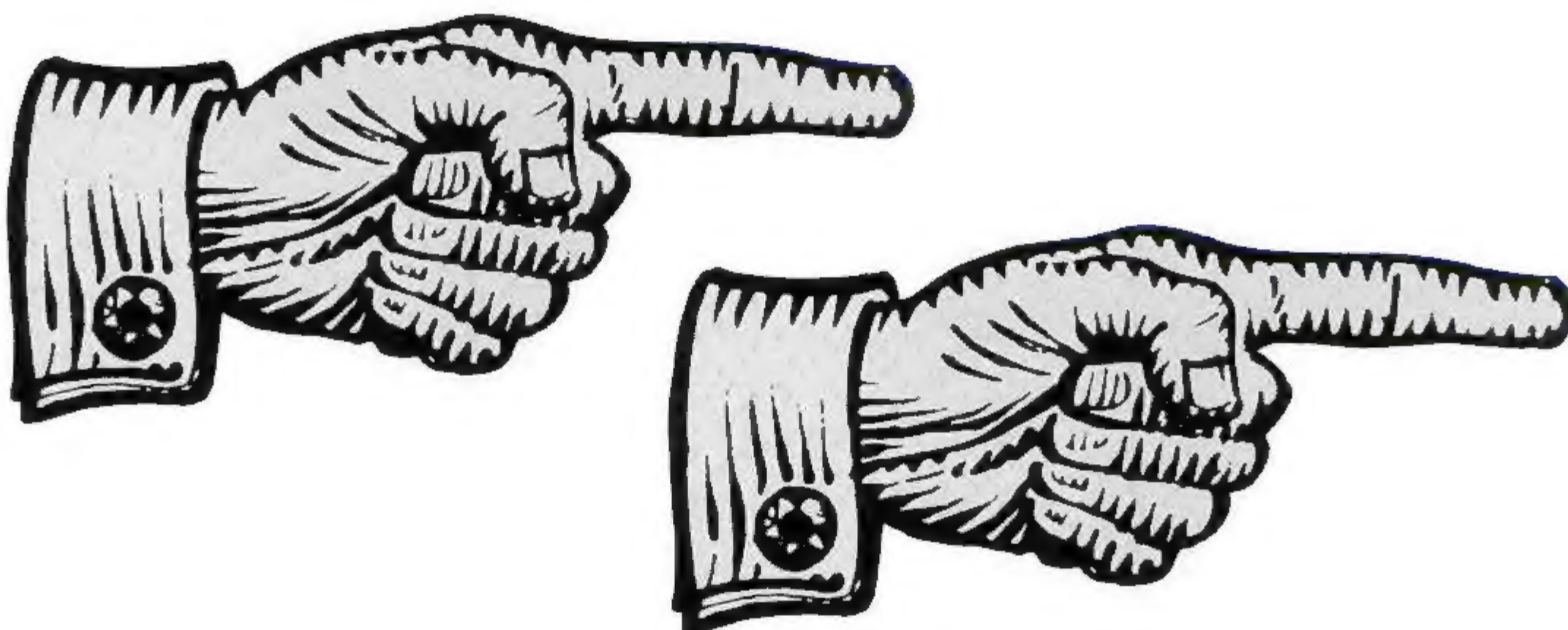
ONE FINE DAY IN THE ARCTIC





Nothing to see here!

Please skip ahead.



**WHAT IS
THE ONLY
THING THAT
COMPLETELY
IGNORES
THE LAW OF
GRAVITY?**

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS **MAD FOLD-IN**

Nothing on earth has ever defied the "Law of Gravity." Until recently, that is! Now, an amazing new development has clearly demonstrated that the "Law of Gravity" can not only be broken, it can be completely ignored as well. To find out what is doing this, fold in page as shown at the right.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A ▶

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

◀ B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

**THAT WHICH GOES UP... MUST OF COURSE
COME DOWN! THIS FIRST AND GREATEST
OF EARTH'S NATURAL LAWS GOVERNS ALL
LIFE, AND NEEDS NO SCIENTIFIC PROVING**



ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

A ▶

◀ B

**WHAT IS
THE ONLY
THING THAT
COMPLETELY
IGNORES
THE LAW OF
GRAVITY?**



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

THE COST OF LIVING

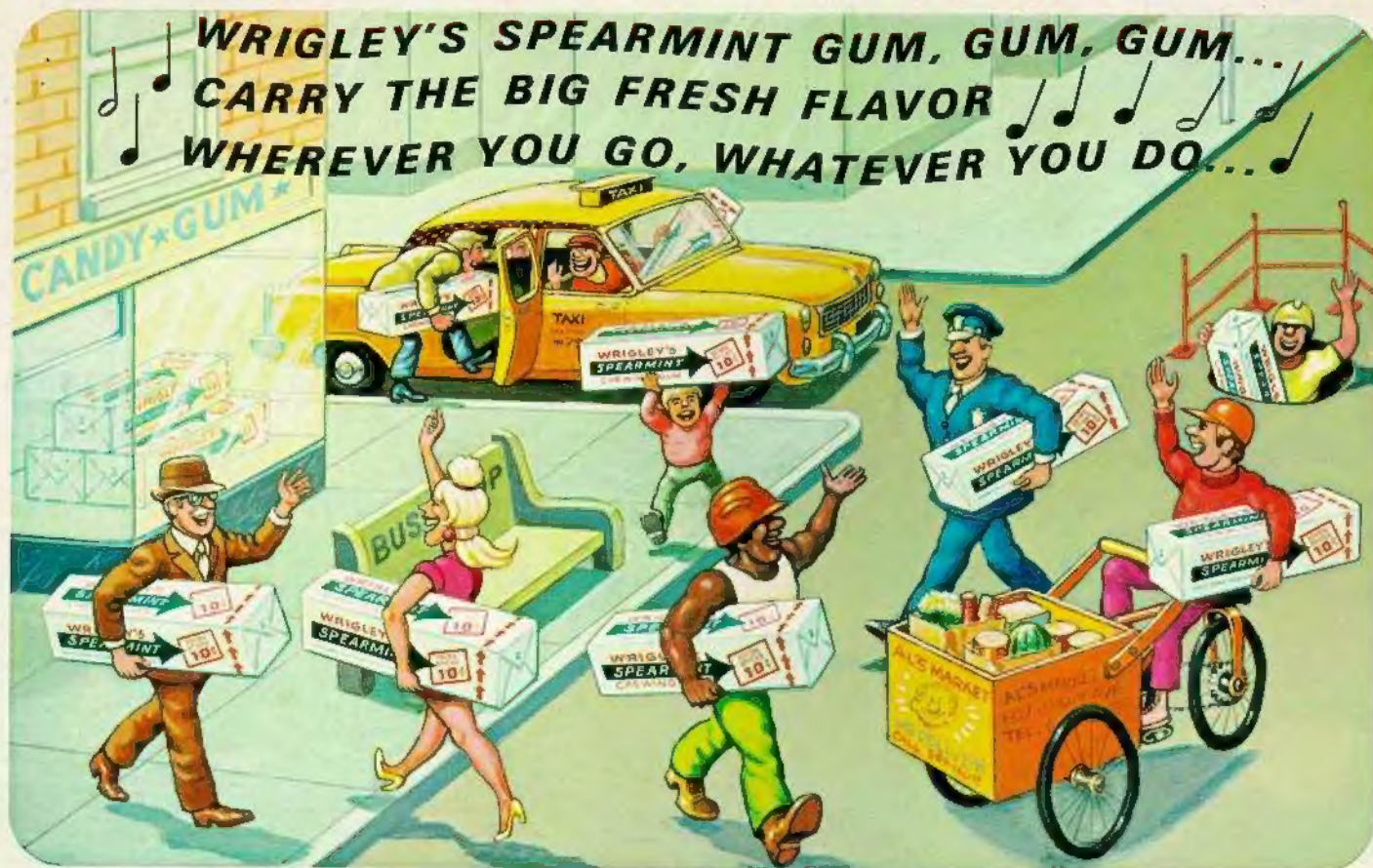


ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

A B

Jaffee

A MAD LOOK AT A TV COMMERCIAL



ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE